The Life and Work of Jacob Kenoly

C. C. SMITH

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JACOB KENOLY.

The Life and Work of Jacob Kenoly

By

C. C. SMITH.

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DEDICATED TO ALL WHO AIDED

Jacob Kenoly,

WHOM HE EVER HELD IN LOVING
REMEMBRANCE.

FOREWORD

THERE are scenes so beautiful as to defy artistic genius. There are emotions so deep as to stifle words. There are lives so noble that tributes seem only to detract. Such a life was Jacob Kenoly's.

But if any one in all the world could get at the whiteness of this black man's soul, clothing longings with speech and translating deeds into words, surely the sympathetic and discerning heart of the author of this little sketch would enable him to do it.

That the task has been mastered, the story itself declares. Here is a message that is more than a record of mission conquest. It is more than a story of the overcoming of almost insurmountable obstacles. It is more than a tribute to a great race struggling for the light. It is more than praise of an institution in the Southland, committed to the task of uplift. It is an inspirational record, rather, of the transforming power of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Let him

who doubts what God can do see Jacob Kenoly as he was, and as he came to be. In such narratives is the birthplace of clearer visions, greater hopes, loftier life. The blessings of God upon this little book!

CHARLES S. MEDBURY.

Des Moines, Iowa.

INTRODUCTION

This sketch of the life and work of Jacob Kenoly goes from the hand of the writer with many misgivings on his part as to his share in it. It has been prepared necessarily within a short space of time and along with much other writing and work. Were it not that the letters and records of Jacob Kenoly and the writings of others in regard to him so largely tell the story, we would have more anxiety lest we might have failed to give to others what we have gained from a study of his letters and records,—a vision of a marvelously noble and Christlike character.

The letters of Jacob Kenoly from Liberia were written always under the greatest difficulties, always amid great pressure of work, sometimes while taking the long, difficult, and hazardous trip to Monrovia, and yet in reading them for the preparation of this sketch the tears would often spring to the eyes because of the unconscious pathos of some of them, and very often were we impelled to marvel over the exceeding

beauty of passages they contained. Written amid the stress and sufferings of his life in Liberia, they did not always, perhaps, take the form they would have had if they had been penned under more favorable circumstances. However, they have an originality of expression and a quaint phrasing all their own. They have been placed in the following pages very largely as Jacob wrote them.

The study the writer has made of the letters and records of Jacob Kenoly placed in his hands to aid him in the preparation of this sketch, has blessed his life. He gives the story to others hoping it will bless them as it has blessed him.

We wish to acknowledge special indebtedness to Mrs. Elizabeth W. Ross and to J. B. Lehman and to the Christian Woman's Board of Missions for letters and records placed in our hands, and to Mrs. Ross and Mr. Lehman and D. A. Brindle for what they have written for this sketch. The sketch is also indebted for very much to Dr. Royal J. Dye.

C. C. SMITH.

Cincinnati, Ohio, January 1, 1912.

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The Life and Work of Jacob Kenoly.

CHAPTER I

EARLY LIFE

THE most that is known of the early life of Jacob Kenoly is found in a sketch furnished by himself to Mrs. Elizabeth W. Ross, of Eureka, Illinois, who had written him for such a sketch. As we read this some things are to be remembered. It is the simple story of the struggles of a poor Negro who had neither generations of culture back of him, nor any advantages not given to the average freedman of the South. This sketch is given largely as he penned it. There is no art bestowed upon it but the art of simplicity. He would never have written thus of himself had it not been asked of him. He was urged to speak fully and frankly of his struggles and trials as he sought an education. To enter into sympathy with this account, one

must remember the natural inheritance of those who were the direct descendants of those who had been slaves, and thus were reared in the reconstruction period. It was not easy for him to learn. He not only had to work hard for a chance for education, but had to work harder than the ordinary person when he obtained the chance. By this sketch we also learn that his parents were godly. He was nurtured in an atmosphere of prayer. We now give this sketch of his early life and struggles as written by himself:

"I was born in Laclede County, Missouri, about six miles north of Lebanon, in the year 1876. My parents had formerly been slaves in the State of Alabama. Upon the cotton plantations in this State they served their masters and prayed earnestly that God would set them free and give their children an opportunity of living a better life.

"Their prayers were answered. When they had spent a good portion of their lives in faithful service their emancipation came. My father had learned to read the Bible, but my mother was illiterate and had not learned well the principles of a civilized life and was not prepared to manage well life's problem.

"I was the oldest son among thirteen children, though I had one sister who was my senior. When I was eight years old my parents moved

near Lebanon, where we attended the public school; this being the only colored school in the county. My sister and I attended this school a part of two terms. Then my parents secured a homestead of about one hundred and sixty acres of land which was located twelve miles west of Lebanon. This brought our school days to an end.

"We were very anxious to attend school, so as to be able to read and write. We spent many hours at night studying, with no one to teach us. My parents would sometimes say (to our white neighbors), 'I guess our children will have to grow up ignorant, since we can not have school.' Some of them expressed their sympathy, and promised that when they would visit our home they would be glad to teach us, or help us as much as they could with our lessons, which they did. We were so anxious that sometimes we would take our books to their homes. It was not long until we had reached the place where they could no longer help us with our lessons, but we continued to study.

"The teacher of the white school came to our home one day and said, 'In some States the white and colored children are permitted to attend the same school,' and that he meant to use his influence in our behalf at the next meeting, which he did with such effect that some of the white people agreed to let us attend the white

school. I remember how glad we were to have another opportunity to attend school, but we only attended the first day, for some had complained and said this could not be tolerated in that State; so we went home with permission to stay. My mother, who was illiterate, felt that God did not mean His blessings for black people, and after she expressed herself in this light we all felt this had proven too true.

"I remember how dejected and sad we were for a time. We remained in this secluded place until I had reached the age of fifteen, when my eldest sister and myself succeeded in getting a place to work Saturdays and evenings and mornings for our board; so by this arrangement we were permitted to attend school in Lebanon.

"I remember what a severe winter we had that year, and being unable to properly protect ourselves from the severity of the weather, we consequently became ill, from which my sister never recovered. I felt very keenly her loss, but attended school there another term.

"It was during this term when the colored people were having protracted meeting that I was persuaded against my will to the mourners' bench. It was some months afterward when I learned from the Word of God what He would have me to do. A great many were converted, or 'got religion,' as they called it. Some saw some very strange things during their conversion, but

I could not see what they saw. I did not join the Church when I learned to obey the Lord, because there was a great contention between the Methodists and Baptists as to the mode of baptism.

"I continued in school until the close of the term, when I went to St. Louis and secured a position as carriage driver at 1637 North King's Highway at twenty dollars per month. This position I held all summer. (I was there until school opened.) I had saved my money, and this time I attended summer high school in St. Louis under Professor Ware's administration. Miss Armstrong, my teacher, was an expert in making every lesson so clear that the dullest pupil could gain a clear conception of the lessons taught. I boarded at King's Highway and went to school on the Eastern Avenue cars. I made good grades at the examination and was promoted to another class; so I had to buy new books, which took most of the money that I intended for car-fare.

"I felt very thankful to my Heavenly Father for this opportunity and for the progress I felt I was making; but my car-fare was just about spent, and it was a long distance from my boarding place to the school building. The time had come to make different arrangements, for I could not think of quitting school.

"I sought a place to board nearer school, but

failed; so I set out to walk. By starting at three o'clock I could reach the school building in time for class. I remember how sore I was the first week from my long walk. Every policeman between King's Highway and North Street was acquainted with me, for they had occasion to ask what my business was so early on the streets. As I walked down the paved streets with the electric lights which illuminated the surroundings, I would sometimes ask myself, 'Will my education ever benefit me if I should be successful enough to get it?' I would sometimes say, 'I hope it will benefit some unfortunate boy or girl.' It was during this term I learned to sympathize with any one who was unfortunate, and I would say, 'Had I a street car I would make it my business to carry the boys and girls to school every day.'

"I would sometimes think I had the hardest time of any boy on earth. Even Providence seemed against me; but this was the only time which daunted me.

"One day the man with whom I was boarding told me that he meant to pay my car-fare until school was out, then I could pay him back. This he did. God only knows how much I appreciated this. I felt that now God was with me. I spent the rest of the term in faithful study. Since my opportunities had been so poor I meant to use this one well. I thus continued until school

closed, and soon paid the good man and was ready to return to Lebanon.

"When I reached Lebanon I found that another one of my sisters had been buried—one week before I reached home.

"I this time stayed at home on the farm nearly two years. One year I was employed by another farmer to make rails and shingles, and part of the next year I worked in a woodyard.

"I one day went to Lebanon and bought a paper. In this paper I saw an account of Professor W. H. Councill's school at Normal, Alabama, where one might work for his education. I thought this was my chance. I decided to go. I went to Springfield and worked for the street commissioner for one dollar and fifty cents per day, and saved enough of it to pay my fare to Huntsville, Alabama.

"I this time decided I must not write home until I had ceased to attend school, for I would probably worry myself over something which I could not help.

"I met Professor Councill in his office at Normal, Alabama, which is about four miles from Huntsville. I applied for work so as to enter school. He said: 'I do n't know you, but I think I see something in you. I will give you a trial of one week.' I remained there three years at work and in school. I worked one month on the plantation which belongs to the school. He

then gave me charge of his farm, with four boys to assist me. While there I took a course in scientific agriculture. That year I made the farm clear four hundred dollars. I remember how Professor Councill would often refer to what I could do with a poor farm.

"The next year I had charge of the garden which belonged to the Agricultural College, and this was made a great success. There were ten acres in this garden, and the pupils did not consume all the vegetables raised there.

"I stayed in this college three years. At the expiration of this time I went to Georgia and secured a position as porter in a hotel. In this hotel I met Brother Brindle, a (white) Christian preacher, who took a great interest in me. I would sometimes go to his room, and we would sit and talk for hours.

"I one day told him (after hearing Bishop Turner preach a missionary sermon in which he told many things about Africa) that I wanted to attend school and prepare myself to help those suffering ones in Africa.

"It was while in Georgia that I was baptized by a Baptist minister, though I did not unite with a Church. Brother Brindle told me of the Southern Christian Institute and the opportunity it afforded for colored people. These were not idle words, for they have meant something to this people in Africa.

"Brother Brindle wrote the first letter to Professor Lehman for me. We soon had a reply which made me glad. This letter requested me to come at once while there was an opening for one more work student. I remember how thankful I was to the Lord for another opportunity. I soon arranged to leave the hotel. Many came down from their rooms and expressed their sorrow to have me leave. They all advised me to be faithful and obedient as I had been there, and God would make friends for me and would open opportunities for me. I have found all this to be true.

"Somewhere in Alabama there was a bad wreck. We had to stay there in the woods very nearly all day. I remember that the fireman was badly crushed (though not dead). I helped to carry him into the sleeping-car and stayed with him until we reached Birmingham, where he was taken to the hospital.

"We reached Edwards, Mississippi, at six o'clock A. M. I went to a business establishment of a Mr. Moss, who directed me to the Southern Christian Institute. It was ten o'clock when I reached the station. President Lehman was busy with the Bible class. Professor Compton had one of the normal classes. Miss Britton had the preparatory class. Going over to the next building (which was the teacher's home) I met Mrs. and Mr. Ross. I met several students who

made me feel welcome. Many things happened while here. I worked in the printing office part of the time and on the farm awhile.

"My health was very poor the first year, but the teachers were all very kind to me. Mrs. Ross was a mother to me. She was the proper one to meet in the hour of discouragement. She has many times scattered sunshine along my way when it was darkened by adversities. I believe she had a gift from heaven which tended to make burdens light. I always thank the Lord for her life and for all who are connected with the Southern Christian Institute. I soon felt that the best friends that I had ever met in all my life were those whom I found at this school.

"It was here at this institute that I learned so many valuable lessons which have been so helpful here in Africa. I became a Christian and felt that I was the proper person to make a sacrifice for the unfortunate ones. It was here, through Mrs. Ross, I became acquainted with Miss Denham, who has shown and is still showing great interest in this work. I am very thankful that my life has been touched with such consecrated men and women."

It is also to be taken into account that this modest sketch of Jacob Kenoly's early life was written in the midst of labors abundant in Africa. It was written during equatorial heat and when he had not proper food to strengthen

his body. It not only reveals the providence which guided him, but it also reveals much concerning his character. He was obliged to obtain his education and his Christianity in the hardest way, and yet he became a self-appointed missionary to Africa. It was while he was getting up at three o'clock A. M. and walking miles to attend school that his first call to service came. As he walked he asked the question: "Will it benefit me? If not, I hope it will benefit some other boy or girl." The struggle he made to get the light made him a good lightbearer to others. The long lonely road in St. Louis trodden in the early morning hours leads direct to Africa and to all the unfortunates who had not a chance to receive the light. His long search after religious truth and salvation for self caused him, when the light came, to so prize it that his desire to impart it to others became the ruling passion of his life. When light streamed upon his pathway he not only walked in that light, but was anxious that all darkened pathways should be lit with truth.

CHAPTER II

SCHOOL DAYS AT THE SOUTHERN CHRISTIAN INSTITUTE

We never know what may come from our slightest word or act. Two men and what they said were the two direct influences which led Jacob Kenoly to go to the Southern Christian Institute. In the fall of 1899, while on his way to the Jubilee Convention, J. B. Lehman met D. A. Brindle, then pastor of a church in Georgia, and in parting Mr. Lehman said, "Send us a Georgia boy to be educated, that he may return to his State for future work." Later Mr. Brindle met Jacob Kenoly and took an interest in and helped him, and remembering, no doubt, Mr. Lehman's request, pointed him to the Southern Christian Institute. In the following words Mr. Brindle tells of this:

"Twelve years ago Jacob Kenoly was a porter in the hotel at Conyers, Georgia. The same year I was pastor of the Christian Church in that town, and boarded at the hotel where Jacob served. Soon my attention was attracted by his politeness and faithful service. He was con-

sidered honest and truthful, and we all trusted him as we would but few of his race. I soon became sufficiently interested in him to ask him to come to my room, where I could talk with him on the subject of religion. He told me that he had made a profession of religion, but did not know what Church to join. I told Jacob of the Christian Church and the simple New Testament plea. That seemed to meet his wishes exactly. He asked if there were any colored churches of the New Testament order. I told him of the many colored disciples in North Carolina (my native State), and in Virginia, where I spent three years in pastoral and evangelistic work. He expressed a desire to go to school where he could learn the New Testament, that he might teach it to the people of his own race. I told him of the Southern Christian Institute at Edwards, Mississippi. At once he expressed a desire to enter that school. I sent in his application for admission, and it was received favorably.

"Before writing a letter of recommendation for him, he promised me that when he entered the school he would obey the gospel and become a member of the Church and begin at once to study the Bible, that he might preach it to the people of his race. He entered the school and faithfully kept these promises. This is the first chapter in the religious history of Jacob Kenoly.

After a brief but remarkable career the Master has called him from his service as a missionary in Liberia, Africa, to his eternal reward.

"D. A. BRINDLE, GRIFFIN, GA."

We know not which will thrive, the seed sown as we preach to the many, or as we plant the truth in a single soul. God be praised that D. A. Brindle took a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of a modest black porter in a Southern hotel.

At the close of his sketch of his early life, Jacob acknowledges his indebtedness to the Southern Christian Institute, where he received the training which fitted him to do the work he had resolved to do. This is more fully revealed in his letters to President Lehman and Mrs. Ross, from which quotations will be made in following chapters. This points to the value of the threefold training given at the school at Edwards, Mississippi. Jacob Kenoly was given a good education (in the common acceptation of that term); then he was also trained to skill in the different departments of manual labor, and then there was the spiritual atmosphere in which he obtained the definite religious training which, no doubt, was the means of stimulating and fixing Jacob Kenoly's half-formed purpose of going to Africa. President Lehman has ever selected as his teachers and co-workers

at the Southern Christian Institute those not only competent as instructors in the various branches taught, but those having also high ideals of Christian service and a lofty conception of the spirit of the Master and of personal obligation to Him. Jacob Kenoly was peculiarly susceptible to this influence. In his letters he often acknowledges his obligation to it, and was always anxious when he went out from it to have others of his race blessed by its power as he had been. When he was teaching in Africa he was anxious from the very first that certain ones of special promise should return and be trained at the school which had been so much to him, and he was willing to make any sacrifice that they might receive this blessing. All this illustrates the wisdom of providing the kind of training given at the Southern Christian Institute and of sending as instructors those of spirituality of life having generations of Christian culture back of them to the Negroes of our land who have come, as a race, but a little way on the road of civilization. Lives such as the one of whom record is given in this book do not come by chance, but are the product of training guided by the spirit of the Master. Blessed is the one who when a vision of higher service for Christ comes to him is so equipped as to be able to make that vision a reality in his life's work.

Jacob Kenoly was for four years a student

at the Southern Christian Institute, and so under the direct influence of President J. B. Lehman and his co-workers. Then from the time Jacob left the institute to the day of his death Mr. Lehman kept in touch with him, and all through his life in Africa wrote him often words of advice and cheer, and often sent him material aid. How much all this helped Jacob and was prized by him is fully shown by his letters given in the following chapters.

This sketch of the life of Jacob Kenoly would not be complete without the following from Mr. Lehman giving an account of Jacob's school days under him.

Mr. Lehman writes: "In going from Chattanooga to Cincinnati *en route* to the Jubilee Convention in October, 1899, I fell in with David Brindle of Georgia. After a somewhat extended conversation about the work, he said upon parting, 'What can I do for you?' I said, 'Send us a Georgia boy to be educated, that he may return to his State for future work.' He promised he would, and late in October I received a letter from him saying that he was sending a young man over who would enter as a work student. He told me something of the religious attitude of the young man and said that he thought the Southern Christian Institute was the place for him. About the first of December the young man came, with just fifty cents in

his pocket. He gave his name as Jacob Kenoly, and we put him to work in the printing office. He said he had recently been at Normal, Alabama, and that he had gone there from Ohio, where he had either been servant at the McKinley home or had served as servant to delegations that visited Canton that summer. At any rate the students here began to call him McKinley. He said he originally came from St. Louis.

"From the first day he came he was a very hard-working man, but rather expensive, for he was strong and was very hard on his clothes. He soon impressed us as an exceptional young man. After being here a month or more he came to me with his religious difficulties. He said he had once united with the Church, but had become confused by the many denominations and was not then affiliated with any. He said my sermons satisfied him; that he had found just what he was looking for, but did not know before that any people was preaching it. He expressed a desire to become a member of the Church, and did so the next Sunday morning.

"His grades were never high, for he had to work too much for the good of his class-room work, but his deportment was literally perfect. After he had been in school about a year and the struggle to support himself by work became

fierce, Mrs. Ross, then matron of the institution, succeeded in inducing Miss Florence Denham, then of Bloomington, Illinois, to undertake to raise him some support from her Endeavor Society. Help for him to the amount of probably twenty dollars came from this source. When he selected his site for the Liberian Christian Institute he named the station Denham Station, to keep fresh this gratitude. In memory of the kindness of Mrs. Ross in this and other instances he named his school building the Ross Building.

"The years from 1899 to 1902, the period in which Jacob Kenoly attended the Southern Christian Institute, were the last part of a period which might be termed the sad and most difficult period of the school. Beginning about 1896, we suffered fearfully from malarial and yellow fever epidemics, and our finances were entirely inadequate to meet such conditions. Often one-half the students were busy nursing the other half. In the years 1897 and 1898 we went through two of the most severe yellow fever epidemics experienced in this section, and in the year 1898 we lost one of our most devoted workers, Miss Blanche M. Beck, of Hiram, Ohio, and in the year 1899 Will T. Allison gave the last full measure of devotion. In the year 1900 two of our workers had to go away, while many of the student body were in the hospital. Jacob Kenoly contracted chronic malaria and was at

the point of giving up his hope of fitting himself for larger usefulness. I prevailed upon him to hold on a little longer. Soon thereafter the doctors published their new theory that a certain variety of mosquito was responsible for malaria, and we began to act upon it at once, somewhat to the derision of our local physicians. Jacob slept under a mosquito bar and got perfectly well, and remained so for a year. At the end of that time our dormitory was full, and he asked permission to sleep in a cabin. In just eight days his malaria was back again, and he was brought back and put under a mosquito bar again, and he got well. This established the theory for us, and we began in earnest to rid ourselves of malaria. A curfew bell was rung at sundown, and every boy and girl was required to get behind the mosquito bar. At first they thought it a hardship, but they soon saw that it was for their good; and so when the bell would ring it was common to hear some boy yell, 'Hurry up, boys, the mosquitoes are coming.' By this method and the destruction of the breeding places the institution was soon freed from malaria, and in ten years succeeding probably not a dozen hours of study or work have been lost from this cause.

"To show how Jacob impressed us while he attended school I wish to relate an incident: One day I read in a paper of a Negro and a

white man in Indianapolis, Ind., who were in a boiler, cleaning it, when a criminally thoughtless engineer turned the steam on. Both men rushed for the ladder. The Negro got there first and started up the ladder, when he suddenly stepped aside and said: 'You have a wife and children; I am single. You go first.' By the time the white man got out of the way the Negro was so scalded that he could not get out. Some one said he doubted whether this were possible. I said, 'Jacob Kenoly could do it.'

"On one occasion a number of our students became insubordinate and inaugurated quite an insurrection, and it required some heroic efforts to put them to their proper place, and it is always very depressing to have to do such things. Jacob, who had always been a boy looking for advice and counsel, came around so much like a father and said his people so little knew their best interest and needed to be compelled to do right. He seemed to be more of a man from that moment.

"On another occasion I tried to persuade the boys that it would be better for them to buy coarse shoes, which the boys designated by the cognomen of 'bulls,' for rough work out on the campus. All but Jacob refused to be convinced. He not only did not hesitate to wear the 'bulls' in his work on the campus, but kept them clean and came into the classroom with them on. It

Allison Hall at the Southern Christian Institute which Jacob Kenoly said his big, African hands helped to build. This building was destroyed by fire, October, 1908.

had a wholesome influence on the others, and since that time we have had no great trouble in having them wear these in rough work.

"One fall we built a porch at the back of the mansion. We had plenty of time, but no money. Jacob was assigned to the work. We hewed out the sills, upper and lower joists, and rafters, and I taught him how to level up carefully. He asked me why we did not get sawed timber. I replied that we had no money, and, besides this, he might some time go to Louisiana into the swamps to work, and then this experience would be valuable. How little we knew we were fitting him for just the work he chose in Liberia!

"When the day of graduation came in May, 1902, he was the only member of his class. He was on the program for an oration and a solo. The song was, 'Then cling to the Bible, my boy,' and he sang it with such unction that the large audience fairly went wild. They called him back the second and third time, and each time he sang it with more force, 'Whether roaming on land or sea, cling to the Bible, my boy.' It fairly became an inspiration of his life, and I am sure it was one of the songs with which he afterwards said he made the jungle ring.

"On the night of the reception Mr. Babcock and I presented him with a square, a saw, and a hammer, for we knew he would have to do manual labor as soon as he left school in order

to replenish his depleted wardrobe. In presenting them to him I tried to make it a little facetious by saying: 'Here is a square; if you find things crooked, square them up. Here is a saw; if you find things that you can not square up, saw them off. Here is a hammer; if you find things that are good, nail them down.' He replied that he intended to go to Africa. This was the first time that he revealed his purpose to me, though I think he had mentioned it to some of the others.

"Thus closed his career at the Southern Christian Institute, and as we look upon it now it looks more like a combination of incidents. It was the preparation of a life for great usefulness in the field he chose as his field of labor. To us his death seems untimely and a great loss. He was cut off just as his mission began to take hold of the mission-loving people everywhere, but our Heavenly Father knows best. He could have given safe conduct through the angry current off the coast of Schieffelin, but He decreed otherwise, and we bow to His will.

"J. B. LEHMAN,
"President Southern Christian Institute."

While Jacob Kenoly was a student at the Southern Christian Institute, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Ross were workers there; he as superintendent of industries and she as matron of the boys'

dormitory. Mrs. Ross was a great help to all the boys who came under her care; but to such a spirit as Jacob's she was a great inspiration, and was, no doubt, one of the influences used of God which helped in the perfecting and molding of this marvelous life. She was to him as a spiritual mother, and he loved and esteemed her probably more than any one else. In his letters he speaks most often of her and of Miss Florence Denham, formerly of Bloomington, Illinois, but now of Des Moines, Iowa, who aided Jacob in his struggle to remain at the Southern Christian Institute and in his work to the close of his life, and for whom he named his mission at Schieffelin, calling it "Denham Station." To Mrs. Ross he wrote often, and in his darkest hours in Africa poured out his soul to her as to no other. He called her "Mother" and named his school building the "Ross" Building.

The following tribute from Mrs. Ross is of great value and interest. She too writes of his life at the Southern Christian Institute and throws additional light on certain phases of his character. In sending this concerning him, Mrs. Ross says: "I am sending a few remembrances of Jacob's life. But no tongue or pen could do him justice."

"I thank my God upon every remembrance of Jacob Kenoly for his fellowship in the gospel from the first day until now. My own faith is

strengthened, my sympathies quickened, my conscience smitten whenever I recall his fidelity, his faithfulness, his unselfishness, his absolute trust, his devotion to God. I think all the workers at the Southern Christian Institute would sanction the testimony as given by the registrar of the State Agricultural and Mechanical College of Normal, Alabama, where Jacob was a student in 1897-99. Mr. Hopkins writes: 'Jacob was a diligent but not a brilliant student. He finished our course in agriculture in 1898. He was faithful to duty, correct in his moral life, and a devoted Christian. Our late president, W. H. Councill, held him in high esteem. Jacob contributed no little to the maintenance of his sister, Ella Kenoly, who was in school here for several years, having graduated this year in domestic science.'

"I want to mention a few characteristics and incidents of his life at the Southern Christian Institute. His love for God and His Word of Truth was a striking element of his character. He seemed to have reverence for the Book itself. While using his Bible daily, he took the greatest care of it, often wrapping it in a soft paper when he laid it away. One of his favorite songs was, 'O cling to the Bible, my boy,' which he would sing as a solo, always holding the Book tenderly next to his heart. He had great respect for and appreciation of his teachers. It

was a matter of keen regret and humiliation to him when any of his fellow students made us trouble. His people meant so much to him, he was so much one of them, that he really suffered when one of them went wrong as if they were a part of himself; like the Master, he bore their sins on his heart. At one time we had an incorrigible boy in school—bad-tempered, insolent, and vicious. He had been reproved, admonished, and punished, but to no avail. Jacob had reasoned with and entreated him with seemingly no effect upon the refractory boy. One day, when they were in the woods chopping, Jacob took the boy, tied him to a tree, and gave him a hard whipping. I can never forget the expression on Jacob's face as he told me what he had done. He was serious and earnest as if he had faced a hard duty and performed it conscientiously. The bad boy was helped, at least he always manifested a wholesome respect for Jacob.

"At one time Jacob was so destitute of clothes he thought he would leave school and go out to work a while. President Lehman did not want him to do that; so I said, 'Wait a little, Jacob, and I will see what can be done.' I wrote to the Christian Endeavor Society at Bloomington, Illinois, and to the Ladies' Aid at Pomona, California, and soon heard from both places. Mrs. Mamie Denham Strohmeir answered from

Bloomington, saying the Christian Endeavor Society would like to take Jacob and help him through school, and enclosed eight dollars. Mrs. H. T. Buff sent five dollars from Pomona. We called Jacob up to the office and told him, but he straightened himself up and thanked us, but said he could not accept the money, as he was able to work for his clothes. 'Better give the money to some weak one who can not work,' he said. Mr. Lehman gave him extra work around the premises to let him feel that he had earned the money. The young people at Bloomington continued to send money at regular intervals, and sent letters to Jacob, which he answered promptly, always bringing them to me to correct. I would mark them, and then he would laboriously and with great care rewrite them and bring them again, to see that there were no mistakes. One day the Bloomington letter came, but in a strange handwriting. It was from Miss Florence Denham, with the inclosed amount of money, but bearing the sad news that her beloved sister, Mrs. Strohmeir, had died suddenly. When I read the letter to Jacob his great eyes filled with tears, and with trembling lip he said, 'I have lost a friend.' The account of Mrs. Strohmeir's death was sent to me, and also her picture. Jacob wished so much that he could have the picture; so I cut it out of the paper and gave it to him, and he pasted it in his Bible

and wrote under it, 'My true friend.' I have no doubt but that the Bible that was stolen from him on his trip from Liverpool to Monrovia bears on its fly-leaf the sweet likeness of Mrs. Strohmeir. The society at Bloomington at one time wrote to me, wanting to send Jacob to Eureka College; but he was graduated from the Southern Christian Institute, had gone to Arkansas, built a log schoolhouse, and was teaching and preaching and doing so much good that it seemed wiser to let him stay at his work. But Bloomington has always felt a deep interest in Jacob, and Miss Florence Denham kept up correspondence with him and helped him in many ways. Jacob in loving remembrance called his place in Liberia 'Denham Station.' The conversation with Jacob that remains most vividly with me was one Sunday after morning worship. He asked me to tell him more of my girlhood friend, Lydia Walker Good, who spent twenty years in Africa. I had told the Young Men's Christian Association the night before something of her life. I told Jacob of the heroic lives of Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus C. Good, and how he had laid down his life in Africa, and that Mrs. Good was now in this country educating their only child, Irwin, to go back and take his father's place.

"Jacob listened so earnestly and thoughtfully, and said, 'Mrs. Ross, white folks can't live in

Africa; you all can't stand that climate, but we can. *I 'll go myself some day.'* I just felt in my heart that Jacob would do what he said. I did not know how or when, but those words rang in my ear like a prophecy; and when I broke the seal of that first letter bearing date July, 1905, Monrovia, Liberia, West Africa, I knew that God had led Jacob into his heart's desire to teach his people in that dark land. I have kept all of Jacob's letters. In them there is never a fault found with any one, but his heart was full of thanksgiving and praise for what had been done.

"The first foreign missionary sent out by the disciples was a Negro slave boy of Kentucky, Alexander Cross, who went to Monrovia in 1852. It has always seemed to me a significant thing that Jacob Kenoly should after all these years have gone to the same place and lifted again the banner of the Lord Jesus where the nerveless hands of Alexander Cross laid it down. I wrote to Jacob of that early work. He made inquiry and found people who remembered Alexander Cross and his work, though he lived but a short time. Another life for Africa!

" ' 'T is the way of the cross.' It takes life to save life. Young Golaz and his wife died within a year after going to Africa. To the friend who wiped the death-damp from his brow

he said: 'Tell the Church at home not to be discouraged if the first workers fall in the field. Our graves will mark the way where others will march past in great strides.' Jacob Kenoly has not lived in vain, neither labored in vain. Years will come and years will go; his body will lie near the mission he so loved, where the ocean waves will sing his requiem, but the story of his heroic life will be told, others will be constrained to go, and so the old, old story will be told until every river town and every forest tribe shall have heard of the salvation of our God. Then shall the King see the travail of His soul and be satisfied in the redemption of Africa.

"ELIZABETH W. ROSS.

"Eureka, Ill., Oct. 8, 1911."

In the above account Mrs. Ross speaks of Alexander Cross, the slave boy who was sent as a missionary to Monrovia, Liberia, in 1852. On a recent visit to Kentucky a member of the Executive Committee of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions obtained additional information in regard to this, and writes of it as follows: "Some of the officers of the Church at Hopkinsville, Kentucky, bought a young Negro slave, Alexander Cross, and educated him as a missionary and sent him to Liberia, Africa, in 1852. This church justly feels a pride in hav-

ing sent out the first missionary among our people. They were very hopeful of results from the work of Alexander Cross, but this young man lived less than two years after reaching the field."

CHAPTER III

INTERIM BETWEEN LEAVING THE SOUTHERN CHRISTIAN INSTITUTE AND LANDING AT MONROVIA, LIBERIA

As there is no consecutive narrative of the above period, the incidents are traced, as nearly as possible, from letters in the writer's possession. These letters are all addressed to Mr. Lehman.

Jacob Kenoly finished his course at the Southern Christian Institute in May, 1902. His first letter after this is written from Bentonville, Arkansas, January 27, 1903. In it he speaks of his work in Jared, Arkansas, which place is twenty-eight miles from Bentonville and from any railroad station. A white man had given Jacob the privilege of cutting trees on his plantation in order to get logs for a combined schoolhouse and church for the colored people, who were so isolated that they had no school privileges. He writes, "I hewed all the logs for this building excepting five." He then describes the old-fashioned "raising" they had for this build-

ing. In this he notes that a large number of white men took part, and that a Brother and Sister Casey furnished the dinner near by, so that no time from the work was lost. And so at night the building was nearly completed. In this letter he speaks very highly of the moral condition of the people there and says: "They are quiet and orderly, and there is no intemperance. I am told Satan does not lift very high his banner where he has to walk so far and encounter so many hardships." Satan as well as God was a very real personage with Jacob. But the people lacked some in both intelligence and enterprise; so it was his purpose to teach and inspire them. He taught day school and organized a Sunday school and Christian Endeavor Society and preached as opportunity afforded.

In his next letter he tells of working three weeks at Fayetteville helping to build a house for a Mr. Young. He also built a house in Bentonville and one at Lincoln, about twenty-five miles from there. He speaks of meetings held in Bentonville and Huntsville and in the log schoolhouse built largely with his own hands. As there were not enough families in the church where he ministered to continue the Sunday school, he taught in the Baptist Sunday school. Of this he writes, "One old brother wanted the school to stop me from teaching because I had

taught that Apollos and those he baptized were Baptists until Aquila and Priscilla showed them their mistake."

In a letter written from Bentonville, June 5, 1903, he says: "I am certainly glad to see in *The Gospel Plea* that five students have been faithful enough to complete their course. This has taken sacrifice on your part. I am glad there is one there who can have patience with my people until they can overcome their many mistakes. I thought I knew all about my people's mistakes, and I did know some things about them; but when I began to teach and to deal with them, I now feel like saying that no one knows anything about any people until he deals with them. Since I wrote you last I have been over to Huntsville. I have completed the church which I began to build last winter, and have organized a Sunday school and held a meeting. They are certainly proud of their building, and they will have public school there this fall. I had the good pleasure of saying I used the hammer and saw and square, which the good people of the Southern Christian Institute gave me."

In different letters he tells of his various employments—sometimes working at the carpenter's trade, sometimes running a reaper in the grain fields, and always preaching as opportunity afforded. At last he is called to teach in

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

the public school in Bentonville. Here he taught eight months, all the time working among the weak churches in Northwest Arkansas. He also tells of a visit he made among his relatives in Missouri, and of his soliciting students for his beloved Southern Christian Institute. The last letter written to Mr. Lehman while in the United States was in January, 1904. In none of these letters does he mention his purpose of going to Liberia. His next letter to him was written in August, 1905, from Monrovia, Liberia.

This period of Jacob's career is given thus fully not because there is anything especially remarkable in it, but because it reveals to some extent the spirit of the man. His reference to being glad because of the patience of Mr. Lehman with his people explains much in his after-life. The sins and follies of his people rested on him. Whatever was done for them was done for him. This making himself one with them accounted in large measure for the great purpose of his life. Their need was his call. Then the call came to him from his people near at hand as well as far off. So many dream of mission fields far away and pass the open door near. In the mountains of Arkansas working on log buildings and in the fields, and teaching his people in day school and Sunday school and preaching for them, he was receiving perhaps the best training possible to fit him for his mis-

sion among natives in Liberia. He started to Africa by way of Arkansas. In the Ozark Mountains he finished his schooling for work among the wild men in the jungles of Africa. The best training for work among the heathen is work among the half-heathen at our gate. All this time Jacob was planning his journey to the "Dark Continent." Strange as it may seem, while doing this kind of mission work he was saving twenty per cent of all he received, for his proposed mission across the sea. The call which came to Jacob was not to have some one send him to the millions who know not God, but the call he received from the Father was for him to go to them with the Bread of Life. So in the three years of toil in Arkansas he must have had the vision of his future field before him. Then stranger still was the fact that he made no mention of his purpose, as far as we know, to any one. The only allusion found in any of his letters was this, "I have saved money, and if I do not go to school any more I want to go where more of my people are found." The first letter from Liberia gives a hint as to why he did not mention his purpose: "The people in Bentonville, Arkansas, and Okmulgee, Indian Territory, where I have been at work and where they have had an opportunity to learn something about me, say that I believe in showing my determination by my works. I had planned

to go to the Southern Christian Institute, to see you all before I went, but did not succeed. I started from Muscogee, Indian Territory, June 5, 1905, and arrived in Monrovia, Liberia, July 26th. I stopped many days in New York City and many days in Liverpool, England."

The reference to Okmulgee in the above is the only mention found in the letters in the writer's possession of his year's work in the Indian Territory. The following from F. L. Van Voorhis in *The Missionary Tidings,* issue of May, 1909, throws light on this period:

"It was while I was ministering for the church at Okmulgee, then in Indian Territory. One Monday morning, early in the fall of 1904, I met a Negro on the street who, even while some distance away, gave me the impression of being different from the other colored men of the town. As we approached each other he lifted his hat and in a genteel, unhesitating manner said, 'This is the Christian minister, I believe.' I said it was my honor. 'I took the liberty,' he said, 'to hear your sermon from the sidewalk last night, and I hope you will not consider it an intrusion. I am a member of the Christian Church, and it is a great pleasure to hear the kind of preaching to which I have been accustomed. I seldom get to hear our people now.' I assured him that he was more

than welcome to all that he could get from our services. His unusual intelligence, simplicity of manner, and seeming straightforwardness appealed to me at once. He then told me that his name was Kenoly, 'Jacob Kenoly,' he said. 'I am a graduate of the Southern Christian Institute—Mr. Lehman's school, you know. You no doubt are acquainted with Mr. Lehman and with C. C. Smith?' How his face did light up with pride and gratitude at the mention of these names! He told me some very interesting things concerning the institution and individuals connected with it. He told me that he had come to Okmulgee in search of work, and had found employment with the Frisco Railroad as baggage manager and mail carrier. 'But,' he said, 'I expect this to be only temporary, for I expect soon to start a school, a Bible training school, for my people. I came to this part of the country hoping that I might find an opening for such an enterprise. I realize that I will have to wait God's own good time, and that whenever I do start it must be in a meager way.' I was interested. I like the black fellow. The feeling grew on me. Many a Sunday evening he would come quietly to the study after the congregation had assembled, and depart with as little intrusion before it was dismissed. His presence, known only to me, was always an inspiration.

There seemed to be a response which was lacking when he was not there. He came to me on the street one day and, handing me seventy-five cents, asked that I have *The Christian Standard* sent to his name for six months. He informed me not long after that he had found a few members of the Christian Church among his people and expected, with my advice and help, to try to do some work amongst the Negroes soon. I assured him that he would have my hearty co-operation.

"One day some one else began carrying the mail. It was a week before I thought much about it. I then began to inquire for Jacob Kenoly. All I could learn was that he was gone. Where or in what direction he had taken his way I could not determine. I missed him. He had made an unusual impression upon me. Some way I expected to hear from him again. Two years passed, and then I read his story in *The Missionary Tidings* and other periodicals. I was not surprised, but delighted beyond measure. Some way it was about what I had expected. As nearly as I can trace, he had gone from Okmulgee to the fair at St. Louis, and that was the beginning of his remarkable and eventful journey to Africa. Some day, when I am relieved of heavy church-building obligations and duties, I hope to be accounted as one of the liberal supporters of the work of Jacob Kenoly

in Liberia. May the good Father give him physical strength and faith for a great work among his people.

"FRANK L. VAN VOORHIS."

The most connected account in the writer's possession of his journey to and landing in Africa is in a letter written to Mrs. Ross from Marshall, Liberia, after he had been in Africa a year and four months: "It has always been my desire to do missionary work among my people in Africa. The last time I met our Christian Endeavor Society at the Southern Christian Institute I told the Endeavorers that I meant my greatest work to be in Africa, and on leaving school this was the greatest thing before me. I taught school in Bentonville, Arkansas, and managed to save a little money. I then went to St. Louis to the World's Fair. From there I meant to go to Eureka, but I met several people from the Congo, South Africa. After hearing my plans they became very anxious for me to go with them. The steamer on which they intended to go left New York on a certain day. This would be a great deal cheaper for me. I must first go to Oklahoma to see my cousins, and be in New York in time. On making the rounds I reached New York City after my friends were twenty-four hours on the way. I was greatly disappointed. I stopped in New York many

days, and met people who lived in Liberia who gave me information. I decided to go alone, and was soon on my way to Liverpool. I had to wait many days on the steamer in Liverpool. After paying board in New York I found my money had disappeared very rapidly, so I had not enough to go on this steamer. I went to the Liberian consul's office and told my intentions and condition, and asked him to use his influence that I might get work to help pay my passage, which he kindly consented to do. He added, 'We do not generally do this; in fact we have made a rule against this, but I feel sure you will be a great help to those people there, so you may come here early to-morrow and I will see what I can do.' As I came the next day he said: 'Get your baggage down to the stage at eleven. The next steamer leaves this morning, and I will be there and see that you get off.' *His voice was like something we don't hear every day.* You might guess how I felt then. It was while working in the kitchen of this steamer that I had the misfortune of having my clothing and valuable papers stolen, which made me think I was doing wrong in going to Liberia. I had many things to discourage me."

In writing of the above he says: "I do not like to tell my misfortunes, but on this occasion feel it necessary. While coming from Liverpool

Jacob Kenoly and a Liberian pupil who made the highest grades through one term of school.

to this place there was a man claiming to be a preacher who got on board for the Madeira Islands. His bunk was next to mine. He spent much time every night in telling why every one should belong to his own denomination. When he went on shore he took one large telescope of mine with all its contents, including my recommendations and my diploma."

From later letters it appears that all of Jacob's books, his Bible, his all was in that telescope; so when he landed in Monrovia the 26th of July, 1905, all he had were the old clothes in which he had served as cook on the steamer, his faith in God in his heart, and the truths of the Bible in memory.

Some things in the above wonderful account should perhaps be noted. How intense was his desire to go to Africa to carry the message of salvation to those who knew it not! Everything revolved around this desire. He found what he was looking for. Who but one filled with such desire would have found the people in St. Louis going to the Congo? Can we imagine his disappointment on missing connection in New York with that steamer? Perhaps we can not, for it may be we have never felt so impelled to carry the gospel message to those who know it not. In the great city of New York he found people who had lived in Liberia. He again found, in the midst of the multitude, the

very people who could aid him on his way. They must have told him of a better chance of getting to Africa from Liverpool. Who but one so filled would have thought of going to the Liberian consul to get an opportunity to work his way in an African steamer that he might go to the Dark Continent with gospel light? What expressions of joy when the way was open! "This voice was like something we do not hear every day." "You might guess how I felt then." We may not "guess," for it is probable we have never felt the intense desire. "How I felt," when the way was open through separation from all the things he had loved, to go to a dark continent where ignorance and superstition prevailed. Yes, the way was open to mud huts and hunger and thirst and destitution and peril and sufferings without number, for the joy of bringing salvation to the lost. If such an intense desire filled the souls of all who bear the name of Christ, we could take the Glad Tidings to every soul on the face of the whole earth in a single generation.

Then another trial was to come. He lost all, and so for a long time was crippled in his mission—no letters of introduction, no Bible, no books with which to teach the natives, no fit clothing in which to seek aid or direction. All gone. He was alone to face heathenism. If before he had understood the words concerning

the Redeemer, "who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame," he now felt the awful separation of one who thinks himself deserted by the Father. Jacob wrote to a friend after the above loss, "It made me think I was doing wrong in coming to Liberia;" and to another, "I thought God was displeased with my going to Liberia;" and again, "I was landed in Africa, where I met the greatest trial of my life; insomuch I began to think it was a mistake to come, and God did not want me to do this work, else He would have prevented these things, for my baggage was all taken, and I landed almost bare among strangers who had no kind words to give one coming in this state." Yet with all this he turns his face to the jungle with the torch which God had lit in his own soul.

CHAPTER IV

THE PERIOD BETWEEN LANDING AT MONROVIA AND LOCATING AT SCHIEFFELIN

It may be well for us at this time, as we follow this narrative, to have in mind the condition of our missionary who was come to bring the gospel to the natives in Africa. He is without any support. His friends in the United States do not even know of his undertaking. He is ragged and utterly destitute. He has no thought of appealing to any one for aid. He is as yet ignorant of the conditions he must meet and the dangers he must avoid. No one there has any sympathy for him in his undertaking, and no welcome for one in rags. Humanly speaking, what must the end be? If we had been consulted, would we not have replied, "Utter failure?" And would we not have given some such sage advice as this, "It is well, before undertaking even an enterprise so worthy, to sit down and count the cost; even in working for God we must be prudent, and not undertake the impossible?"

Before entering upon the story of Jacob

Kenoly's first experience in Liberia we will briefly give some of his impressions in this, to him, strange land. In a letter from Liberia, written soon after his arrival, he mentions the difference between conditions as he found them there and those to which he had been accustomed here. In a letter to J. B. Lehman, dated August 6, 1905, two weeks after he landed in Liberia, he says: "I started from Muskogee, Indian Territory, June 5th, and arrived in Monrovia, July 26, 1905. Last Sunday I spoke in the Presbyterian church and am to speak in the Methodist church to-day. I do not find any brethren who claim to be Christians only. The opportunities are great here. They only need to be used. There are not many who speak English, but they have one who interprets for them when an English-speaking man instructs them on the Lord's day.

"The people do not understand farming here, and the market is very slim. The natives eat almost anything, and some of those who are not natives do this also; and it is, I believe, the cause of so much sickness in this place. If they would eat their food from cultivated soil it would be much better for their health.

"There are no railroads or horses in this place, and there is a great deal of walking done. The natives are used to carrying heavy loads on their backs. There are railroads and horses

farther down the coast. Here it is something like America was in the early days. There is plenty to do, and doing it will change this country and make it what it should be."

We now give quotations from letters written by Jacob during 1905 and 1906 which give his ideas of the strange land to which he had come:

"In this country medicines, cloth, paper, and things of that nature are very, very dear, and money is very scarce. Almost any kind of vegetation grows here, and yet but little attention is paid to farming. They seem to satisfy themselves with coffee and rice. The greatest thing I have seen in the line of machinery is a coffee mill.

"Around Monrovia the Americo-Liberians are generally successful in trading, but there are no manufactories or anything of that kind. The lumber is sawed by hand. There is only one newspaper at Monrovia and one at Bassa; so you see the reading matter is somewhat scarce.

"They have very good government schools, but the teachers are paid no cash. 'The government can't afford it,' they say. No preparation is being made for the heathen boy or girl that I can see. These are very anxious to learn. But when they do have opportunities opened to them, the parents become alarmed to see that their children know the books."

December 1, 1905, Jacob was about thirty

miles back from Monrovia and wrote: "I have seen about one dozen white families in this part. They are all German traders and have a great many natives working for them. The native man, or 'bush man' as he is called, wishes for education, though he has but little opportunity to obtain it. When his boy is about four years old he is sold to some one who has a coffee farm, or to some business man that he may become civilized. A man will sometimes give his boys away, I learn. These boys sell from twenty-five dollars upward, but the girls are more expensive than the boys. They cost from two to three hundred dollars, which is paid in country currency, which consists of cloth, brass kettles, rubber, and such."

Again he writes: "There is a great demand for teachers in this country, but the country needs farmers more than anything else. The people have nothing with which to cultivate. They only plant, and then go home to come back no more until gathering time."

When sixty miles back in the jungle from Monrovia, Jacob writes: "Here almost every kind of animal, reptile, and insect is found. Here the forest is so dense with millions of vines and plenty of undergrowth that it is impossible to walk through without cutting your way. Here there is a large population of natives who live in their little thatch huts. Some few are

Americo-Liberians, old settlers of this place." In this same letter, written August 4, 1906, he says: "We are having our rainy season now, which will last until December. We will then have six months of hot, dry weather. I have been teaching during the rains. While I am writing this letter there are twenty African boys before me conning over their lessons which they will recite afterwhile."

September 4, 1906, he writes: "Monrovia is a not very healthful place. The water there is not good. The expenses for living are very great, and many times those who have n't plenty can not get food when the steamers are late and the heavy rains prevent the farmers from bringing in what they have to sell.

"The main bread for this country is the casada, bread-fruit, and rice. We have the eddo, which is something like the Irish potato in taste, but looks nothing like it. Most of the meat is taken from the African forest except in the seaport towns. The lard is taken from the palm tree, one of the most valuable trees in Africa. The outside of the palm nut makes a red oil, but when it is burned a little, becomes clear; the palm nut is broken and the kernel makes a clear oil. The palm tree makes a cabbage which is used like our cabbage of the United States. The leaves of the palm tree are used in covering houses and to make hammocks and ropes

and fish lines. I will send you part of one leaf, so you can see the fiber.

"The casada is boiled in water until thoroughly cooked. Some of them, when cooked, become very mealy, others are starchy and can be eaten as though they were bread. Most people put it in a churn and with a pestle churn it until it looks and behaves like flour dough. This they call 'dumboil.' After putting with it broth of whatever kind of meat they have, they will eat with a long spoon. They think they must not chew, so they swallow such large pieces that it is very unbecoming. The bread-fruit can be prepared in like manner. Our rivers have plenty of fish; so when the people are fortunate enough to catch fish or kill animals fit for food, they do very well. Very few people have hogs or cows, and I see no reason for this excepting laziness.

"The houses in which some of the Americo-Liberians live are very good houses for Liberia. They have a zinc roof, and the frame covered with zinc and sealed with this country's lumber on the inside and openings cut for windows with shutters, but no glass in the windows, especially in this part. The native builds his house without any foundation or pillars or nails. In some cases he cuts small poles and ties the ends together and arranges the roof of his house in the form of the cone. This is generally ten

to twelve feet covered with thatch from the bamboo or palm leaf. Some drive sticks in the earth about two inches apart and plaster with mud, but leave no windows for air or light. In many cases it is dark as night at noonday in these huts. The people seem to fancy this kind of building above any other kind. Their bed consists of a mat generally about one-fourth inch thick, made with their own hands from the pith of the bamboo. When this is spread on the earth in their houses, the bed is ready. They sometimes make it large enough to lay one part down and cover with the other; so you see they can take up their bed and walk at any moment.

"Although they live in this loose manner, the standard of morality is better than might be expected. I do not know that one could call it morality, either, but it is the strict country law made in their secret society called the 'Devil's Bush,' that whoever troubles their women must die. You may mistreat a man any other way, and nothing much is done or said; but when one comes across this obligation the end comes. There have been several deaths here in Liberia since I have been here from this, and some few Americo-Liberians for the same reason have been poisoned. Some who are more civilized and do not get into the 'Devil's Bush' must regard this law also.

"They have a belief in God which is tainted with superstition so much that their belief in God is no advantage to them. A horn of a cow or sheep or goat is very sacred. It is believed that it has power to do almost anything they wish to have it do. Almost every country-man here, other than those who are civilized, has a horn of one of these animals about his person. I have seen several Americans with the same.

"Those who are converted to Christ are generally more faithful than are many professing Christians in America."

Jacob was pleased to note the high place "big America" held with the native. America with him being next to heaven.

In his stay of a few weeks in Monrovia he tells of a trip he made into the country with a government agent who was carried in a hammock. He wrote: "I went along for exercise and experience, and got plenty of both." He could with difficulty keep in sight of them, so fast did they travel. When they came to a stream they would wait and carry him across. He writes: "If one could get even a glimpse of this country and its inhabitants, he would wonder why more real work is not done to uplift the people. Almost everything done in a religious way is a sham, even when the whole is not a sham." Jacob seldom thus wrote or spoke in the spirit of criticism. He always saw the

good rather than the evil when there was any good to see. We learn from his letters that when he first landed he hired out as a carpenter at Monrovia at seventy-five cents a day, in order to renew his wardrobe. He was soon taken with the acclimating fever, and because of the very unhealthful conditions in Monrovia he made his way into the country. His first stop was thirty miles out. Of this experience he writes thus: "The second day I could not walk and did not know anything, but with God's help I got over that bad spell. I do not know how."

Some years later the writer of this sketch requested him to write more fully of his trials and experiences in Africa, in order to aid in the representation of his cause to the churches here. A part of the reply to this request we now give, as it undoubtedly belongs to this period:

"I soon left Monrovia and went fifty miles east. The rains were very heavy. One traveling in Africa at this season has to wade the African swamps, which are sometimes four or five feet deep. I found it very difficult in traveling. I became partly dissatisfied and wanted to return to Monrovia till the rainy season had passed, but the African fever took me while on the way. I fell helpless on the roadside, my strength all gone at once. When I came to myself I remembered being in Africa, when something told me that the lions and

leopards would make a meal of me if I remained there; so, placing my hands on the earth, I crawled to the center of the path, where some one might see me. As soon as I could command enough strength I made my way to the nearest hut."

So loath was he to make any mention of his sufferings that the above was called out only by earnest request and because it was told him that his friends especially wished an account of any trials or hardships he had experienced. When he got back to Monrovia the steamer (on which he had worked his way to that land) landed on its return trip from farther south. The crew urged him to accept his old position as cook, as they said no one could do his work so well. Here now was a fine chance for our homesick, lonely, suffering, destitute, self-appointed missionary to return to his homeland by the way he had come. What was his answer? "I could not think of accepting this, as it interfered with the work I came to do." What was that work? This is stated in one of his letters: "I came here to work among the heathen, teaching them that they may know the way of salvation, and I expect to stay in Africa four or five years. I may not stay in or near Monrovia all the time."

In this connection he says, "I had many opportunities to return home," which opportuni-

ties one not so possessed by a great purpose would have accepted. He had made no promise to any one to do this work. He had not, up to this time, received anything from any one to aid him. He was under the pay of no board. He was destitute, and racked with the fever. Yet, brave soul that he was, nothing could change his Christlike purpose. Of this he writes: "I was soon among the native people, but could not understand their language, could get no medicine nor proper food nor a bed. I said, 'But I came to help this people; I may not be able to live very long this way, but it is best to die at the post of duty.' "

It was after all these discouraging experiences and sufferings that "many chances came to him to return home." Neither destitution nor peril nor disease could daunt him. It was after all this that he made his way sixty miles into the jungle, with the determination of staying with the wild men till he could learn their language and teach them his, so they might read for themselves the story of redeeming love. Here he remained one year. He would have made this his permanent mission station but for failing health, and at last he left it only because he was convinced he could make his life count for more for the redemption of Africa by going to the coast. During his stay here, for ten weeks at one time he was down with the fever and un-

able to leave his hut, and often while he was too ill to teach only one boy came to minister unto his needs.

It was here on the side of a mountain, as he says, "I cut my way and built me a house out of poles." (His only tool was an ax.) "We had school in it six months during the rainy season. When the dry weather came we cleared the forest and made a farm. I started with five boys who could not speak a word of English. We now have twenty. Some are beginning to read. As I write" (this was the beginning of a new term) "twenty African boys are conning over their lessons which they will recite to me after awhile."

At an early period he writes from this mountain hut to Mrs. Ross: "The card you sent me shows that you must have a very beautiful home. You must be very happy in such pleasant surroundings. It pleases me that God has thus blessed you all. My home is a contrast in the extreme to yours. I would not like to have you to see it just now. You would say it is a very poor place to live in, though I try to keep it tidy." What kind of a place must it have been "to live in?" If we have followed this account we know, from the very circumstances, what kind of a hut he must have built out of poles, and that he had no furnishings but what he gathered from the forest, no covering but palm

leaves to keep out the awful downpour of rain for weeks at a time. Yet he says, "I tried to keep it tidy." Yes, to the twenty boys crowded into this log hut in the side of the mountain he no doubt brought, in the way he ordered his home, a higher conception of civilization. Writing of this period, he says: "I wished many times I had been at the Southern Christian Institute when I had the African fever, but I was far away, where I could get neither medicine nor proper food. So you see there have been weeks of dark days." Can we imagine those days? Tossing for weeks on his water-soaked mat of palm fiber, with no one to speak a word of sympathy or bring him a cup of cold water! Is it any wonder he "prayed with his face toward the United States?" Is it any wonder "he watched the sky as the clouds parted toward his native land?" Is it strange that he exclaimed, "How lonesome is this place!" He writes: "Oh, how lonesome sometimes this place is when the boys are all gone home. I sometimes look at the sky in the direction of the United States and say, 'Most people over there do not dream of what one comes in contact with over in these jungles, but I am becoming more used to it now.'"

Again he says: "Then, when the fever would abate, I would teach the native boys to read. They would come and sit down on the ground

for hours to ask questions about 'big America,' as they called it.

"You must know this was a very dark period with me. One might better understand some of the sore trials which come to some if they could know how it is to start from a land which flourishes like the United States and, through many disappointments, arrive at a wild country stripped of all their earthly belongings and become helpless. I tried to console myself by saying, 'These rivers and mountains are the handiwork of God, and He is the only One who knows my condition; and if there is any help to come, I must look to Him for it.' But the Great Sympathizer was near and came to my relief, and I began the work I came to do. I am stronger to-day than I could have been had I not had these trials." For what has he suffered thus? And we repeat, he is here simply that he may learn the language of a wild people, in order to tell them the story of redeeming love in their own tongue. Yet amid all this suffering and privation listen to this note of cheer. When "making his farm" he writes, "My school is out, the rainy season is over, the sun comes down with double force, the natives are singing, the animals and birds make the woods ring with their music." We envy the man who, amid the above conditions, could write those lines.

Of the worship of the natives at this mountain

home he writes: "There is a large cave in the side of this mountain which roars like thunder. The native people go there to worship. One of my boys told me that his people say God lives in that cave, and He has a large family. He does not know all His family's names, but one is Joseph, one Mary, and one Jesus. He thinks he has seen Joseph, but is not sure. They carry clothes for the family, for he says they dress like American people. They also carry rice, tobacco, and liquor. This boy is anxious to learn to read, so he can read the Bible to his people.

"The tribe where I am teaching is called the Bassa tribe. Every tribe has its own language. I am beginning to understand the language very well. I am told the natives learn English better and quicker when you do not know too much of their language. They will become accustomed to English by hearing it spoken. Some of my boys can now speak English well. All can speak some.

"In a place like this it requires the patience of Job. Without this, little can be accomplished. The people here seem to be up to everything which is low and wicked. Even those who worship in the cave claim that their god does not care what they do, so they are good the day they come to the cave and bring a good sacrifice of plenty of clothes and provisions to support his

family. This is almost paralleled by some of my people at home. They had to be good only on the day they went to Church."

Let us remember that up to the close of this year's work Jacob had had no Bible nor books of any kind. He had received no aid of any description from the homeland. He not only was down with the fever for ten weeks at one time, but had returns of the fever again and again. Can we imagine him amid the awful heat, almost under the equator! Yet he rejoices to "hear the birds sing." Weak as he was, he with his wild boys works in the jungle to bring a new civilization, teaching the good news of better farming along with the good news of salvation.

We repeat what he said of this time, "I know I can not live long this way, but it is best to die at the post of duty." And again we ask, Why does he stay, as the way is open to him to return home by the way he came? He stays to bring salvation to the people who are dying without God or hope.

In the midst of this lonely, almost hopeless life an educated Negro (who had been trained in England for service in Liberia) found him and urged him to come to Schieffelin on the coast to teach among the descendants of those who had been colonized from the United States in 1820. Weakened by disease, he turned his face to his new field, but not away from the

twenty boys whom he had learned to love in their jungle life, for he bears them in his heart of hearts and under the new conditions plans for their betterment. When preparing to leave his hut on the hillside and go to Schieffelin, he says: "Things are not as discouraging now as they have been, though I have not had a comfortable place to stay; but my satisfaction comes when I know I am doing what the Lord would have me do, for He has blessed my weak efforts. I can look with pleasure over my experience in Liberia."

CHAPTER V

THE FIRST YEAR IN SCHIEFFELIN

In a letter written from his jungle hut under date of November 27, 1907, we find the first mention of Schieffelin. In this letter he says, "Schieffelin is a little settlement of Americo-Liberians, a short distance from this place." As his mountain hut was sixty miles from Monrovia, his "short distance" must have been about thirty miles, for Schieffelin is about thirty miles from Monrovia. He had been urged to come to Schieffelin and open a school, and had been told of an old school building which could be used for this purpose. In another letter of this period the following is found, "I must go to Schieffelin and make some repairs on the school building." This proved to be a very dilapidated building. The only part which could be used was a sort of basement, and this he was obliged to brace with timbers before it could be occupied with safety. He expressed the hope of being able to get this room ready so he could commence school in February, 1907.

When Jacob came from the jungle to Schieffelin he found about thirty families called Americo-Liberians. They were the descendants of those who were colonized from the United States in 1820. Having few advantages, they had lapsed toward barbarism. However, he found them much farther advanced than those near his jungle home. Some had accepted the meager opportunities for education furnished by the government schools. Some of the better families lived in cabins covered with zinc shipped from England, for with such climatic conditions this was the best material for that purpose. Their beds were mats made of palm fiber. In some cabins there were seats made of slabs. The cabins had no windows, only openings with shutters. Many of the people could read some, and all spoke a broken English. These he found eager to learn, and they welcomed him into their midst.

What must have been Jacob Kenoly's condition at the time he commenced work in Schieffelin? He was in poor health and his clothes were ragged. He had been with the naked savages for a whole year while living in his mountain hut. We learn of their naked condition only by references such as the following: "All the boys I taught in the jungle would come to me, only I would have to put clothes on them before admitting them to the school here." The

only chance he had to replenish his own wardrobe was by working two weeks at the "Cape." He does not say what he received for this work. We can guess his appearance as he came to make arrangements for his "private school." Mr. Lehman had the honor of sending him the first money to aid him in his work. This was a gift from the teachers of his beloved school at Edwards. He acknowledged the gift September 4, 1906, while yet back in his jungle hut. "I wish I could tell you how glad I was on opening your letter to find eight dollars and to learn that you had sent ten dollars to Monrovia. I wish I knew how to thank the people to my own satisfaction, so they could know how greatly I appreciate this, but I can not; so I thank God for people who are alive to the cause of Christ, and I pray that He may bless them and their efforts to uplift fallen humanity."

How many must have been his personal needs at the time he received this eighteen dollars! And yet, speaking of it in another letter, he says: "It was indeed a great help to me in many ways. Since then I have been able to get nails and lumber, and to make eight very good seats, some with desks. Eight dollars I found it necessary to use for myself. I have not been able to keep the necessary things, but I shall not grumble. I have tried to learn to do all things without murmuring. These eight seats will be used

in the school which I hope to open in February." (This was the Schieffelin school taught in the old basement.) "The prospects are, there will be between twenty-five and forty pupils, and most of them will be Americo-Liberian children."

The larger part of the first money gift he received was used for his beloved work. Here is manifested unselfishness almost beyond the comprehension of many in this land. Does not this black man from Missouri in unselfish heroism lead us all? Then, in March, 1907, just when he was opening the school in the old building in Schieffelin, he writes to J. B. Lehman concerning another gift which the teachers and students of the Southern Christian Institute had sent him: "With your letter I found enclosed thirteen dollars, which, I learned, was given by the students and teachers of the Southern Christian Institute and sent as a Christmas present to me. I wrote a short letter in reply while on my way to Monrovia; but having returned, I write this. I can not find words to express my thanks to them for the interest they show in me and my work. All of them are poor people, and this is a sacrifice they have made. God bless those dear people there! The present came just at the time when I was in a hard place. I was praying that God would show me the best thing to do. Thirty-four pupils were looking to me

to see what arrangements I could make for them in school. No books, not enough seats, no blackboard! I have used a part of the money for my own needs and part for the school. It was stretched as far as it would go. I will enjoy my Christmas present the whole year, and the community will help me to enjoy that part which was spent in the school. School opened in March. I purposed to open in February, but on account of the rush in coffee-picking and because I was expecting some books from the United States I deferred. The books have not come yet; so you see it makes the work more difficult."

From later letters we learn of his physical condition at the time of getting started in this work. In October, 1907, he writes the following:

"I have great pleasure in working and teaching and preaching among my people, although my health has not been very good. Not having the proper protection, I have often been exposed to the rains, and this and teaching in a dark room very poorly situated, with very few books, has had its effect.

"I have tried to be faithful in spite of the adverse circumstances. I have been so pressed for room and time that it was necessary to teach the primary classes first and send them home, so as to be able to find room for the more advanced classes. Some of the advanced pupils

sometimes assist in teaching the primary grade and have been helping in every way they could. The children are more interested than the parents, who often keep them out to work. They sometimes have to be punished by the parents because they leave their work and come to school when school hour arrives.

"When I began, in March, everything was very dark. I did not think I would live to see December, but I wanted to be sure that I had used my time well by faithfully doing my duty the remaining days I was allowed to live, and I felt the presence of God with me."

Again he writes: "You remember that on opening the school here everything looked very dark and discouraging, but what God has been pleased to do through His people in the United States has sent a flood of joy into this place, and since the darkness has been moved, I have had more pleasure in doing this work than any which I have undertaken. I did not think at the beginning I would live to see the school close. I thought it well to be faithful the few days God did let me live."

Dr. Dye, while there, heard a story from the people concerning Jacob's illness at this time which he (Jacob Kenoly) had not written to his friends. He was very sick when he came to Schieffelin. On arriving he was received into the home of a well-to-do colored man; but when

he became so ill that it seemed death was near, he was cast out into an old shed with no one to minister unto him. A kind-hearted Americo-Liberian by the name of Brown came to the landing with his dugout and carried Jacob in his arms to his boat and took him to his own home and nursed him back to comparative health. This story is recounted both to throw light on what Jacob wrote concerning losing hopes of being able to live longer and to commemorate the great kindness of the one who cared for him in this dark hour.

In the letter referred to above is the following: "I have not had many idle moments since I began. Even when it rained so I could not see but a short distance, I found my way to school. I have gone when I would not have gotten out of bed for any other purpose. The people are so interested in the school that they will not fail to come under any circumstances the weather produces. I am glad I have been faithful. I have worked harder this year than any since I have been teaching. I have nothing to regret, but many things at which to rejoice."

A Mr. Lett had taken him into his own home. This was only a small cabin home. One may imagine what chance Jacob had for study or writing. While very grateful to Mr. Lett for his kindness, the conditions at this time were

very trying to his health. July 30, 1907, after having given himself and school a two-weeks' vacation, he writes: "The light in the building is very poor. I have injured my eyes some, but I have been refreshed by the vacation." Again he says: "I have a full school now. The number has increased to forty-five day pupils and six night-school pupils. We are packed like sardines in this dark room. When we have a clear day and the sun comes out, we move out under a large mango-plum tree which is near the building; but we do not have many nice days this time of the season."

The pupils were poor and could not pay for schooling, so that probably all Jacob got this year above the thirteen dollars sent him from the Southern Christian Institute was a very little which he charged for teaching vocal music and five dollars sent him at this time for a blackboard. He says: "I do not get anything for my services as teacher. The greater number of pupils are orphans who can not pay, and some others are poor; so I give them this year's schooling. I support myself with those large African hands which helped to build Allison Hall at the Southern Christian Institute."

Again of the school work he says: "I have had to take one of the advanced pupils to assist with the primary classes, and then send these classes away so as to have room for the more

advanced classes. This has helped me wonderfully.

"The music class is greatly interested in the chart. Twenty belong to the class. I am surprised at the progress they have made. Every one sings. We practice three times a week and can now sing almost any ordinary song if we have the music. There is an old organ near here that is considerably out of order. If I can do the needed repairing on it I will begin to teach some to play. This will have its effects for good, I know."

Soon after entering upon this work a tempting offer came, which is given in his own words: "Since I have opened school the government school commissioner has come to see me. He offers me three hundred dollars a year if I will break up here and go where he would send me. The Episcopal Mission has been trying to employ me to go down the coast. I do not see how I can accept either of these offers. The people here say: 'We need the light here as badly as any place, and you must not leave us in the dark. We cared for you when you were going through the fever, so you can not go anywhere yet.'"

Jacob did not accept either of the above offers, although they must have been tempting in the condition he was then in, for soon after this he says in a letter, "I will be glad if I can con-

tinue my school until December, yet I fear lack of clothes and my many other necessities will cause me to stop sooner."

His heart's desire was ever to reach the wild man back in the "Bush." So here in this dark basement plans were formed for the future. He made up his mind to build a home for himself where he could be in the dry, make temporary quarters for the school, then to erect a school building in which he could teach and make a home for his wild boys, and then to "make a farm" by which he could raise supplies for his needy children. Surely, Jacob, great is thy hope! So great that neither poverty nor sickness nor a little dark, damp room, nor the slow response to thy needs by friends can quench it. Through it all thou dost see the naked savages "clothed and in their right mind," knowing God, uplifted and freed from the cruel heathen practices.

He even went so far as to hope some of his old schoolmates would join him in his effort to redeem Liberia, and that he would in his own lifetime see a great school and home for orphan children. Nevertheless he says: "I can, God being my helper, do something myself. I cultivate a little crop evenings and mornings and Saturdays—corn, eddos, casada, and peas. It has been a pleasure to see how well they have done by cultivation. We have been having corn-

bread since I have gathered the corn. It has tended to improve my health. We have a poor way of getting corn into meal, for we have no mill here of any kind. So we put it into a mortar and with a pole six feet long churn it till it becomes meal or grits—a very slow process. I intend to 'make' a large corn farm next year. I believe I can get a hand-mill with which to grind corn for about five dollars. I hope to have several more boys after the building is erected. I could have them now if I had my own house, as I did last year." The house to which he here refers was his mountain hut made of poles.

"I have many things planned for the coming year. I do not see how I can get through it if my health continues to be as poor as it has been. But I know the Lord will provide a way; so I mean to do what I can, and leave the results with God." His account of a trip to Monrovia will throw some light on what it meant to live and work in that place, and this will be all the comment needed on his having said that "he had never worked so hard any year since he had commenced teaching."

To Mrs. Ross he writes: "I received your letter just before coming to Monrovia. I am writing this reply here. I came for nails for my house. I will soon get into a canoe [a log 'dug-out'] for my trip to Schieffelin. There will be

about four hours' run [imagine the *run* in that old log boát] on the Monserrado River. Then a five-mile walk across an 'old field' [which, we suppose, was at one time the floor of the sea]. Then we take a canoe on the Junk River, and about four hours and one-half will land us in Schieffelin." This reveals that a "trip to Monrovia" cost ten hours of hard labor each way. It must have been hard, indeed, for him in his weakened state.

But a somewhat brighter day dawned about this time. The Christian Woman's Board of Missions had adopted him as one of its missionaries. He mentions near the close of this term of school of having received fifty dollars from the Christian Woman's Board of Missions. He says: "With this money I mean to get the land surveyed which the government has promised me for the school, and have it deeded to the Christian Woman's Board of Missions." No thought is expressed of improving his own condition with the money sent him, but all is to be used for his school. He found, on going to Monrovia, the first box of books sent him from the United States. In the box were twelve Bibles. There were not enough to go around; so some pupils were disappointed.

Again, he mentions that Mrs. Barr had sent him two dollars with which to purchase a Bible, but he found a better one in the box than he

could buy there with that amount. So he used her money to buy lumber for the new house, so she might have part in that also. Without a Bible of his own he had been teaching the Word of God to his pupils for two years and four months.

Of another consignment of books he writes thus: "After searching the custom-house at Monrovia I found a good supply of books." We think the money for the purchase of these was furnished by the New York State Convention. He says of these: "Words can not express my gratitude to God and His people for what is done for this work. A great obstacle has been removed. This work will be much more effective now that we have the books."

His expressions of gratitude for all the aid received would lead one to think "the good friends in America who had their faces turned toward Liberia" were doing most of the work. Picture, then, Jacob Kenoly at this time making his way in the early morning in ragged clothing to the old damp, dark, badly-ventilated basement, often through rain so heavy that he could see but a little way before his face. See him teaching the primary classes in the forenoon and the more advanced classes in the afternoon; then returning at night to teach a night school and a singing class, teaching Sunday school and preaching as he had opportunity, cultivating his

farm and churning the corn into meal, making the many necessary trips to Marshall and Monrovia, and forming plans for a new home and school building. All of the above, and more, was rather good service for a man cast out to die at the beginning of the year, and who himself did not think he would live to see the close of that term of school.

Some incidents are now added which form a part of this period. To Mrs. Ross he wrote: "We had our Sunday school under a large orange tree last Sunday evening. It reminded me of the days I spent at the Southern Christian Institute. You were not here, though I had your picture before me. I told them how you used to make the outdoor Sunday evening lessons interesting.

"It makes me very sad to read of the awful destruction (by the earthquake) in Jamaica. I am glad relief has been sent to them by God's chosen people. You can say, on receiving this, that somewhere across the Atlantic in the jungles of Africa, in the basement of a dilapidated old building, that every morning before school hours we pray for Jamaica and ask God's blessing on the friends of the United States and on our work here." Later, on hearing of the death of Miss Ella Ewing, a missionary to Bolenge, Africa, he writes:

"I have read about the death of Miss Ella Ewing, who gave her life for the people at Bolenge. It was very sad to think that we could lose one as devoted to those people of Bolenge as she was. This proves that the love of God is stronger than death."

The writer ventures the assertion that there is nothing more touching in all missionary history than this. Think of him there in such wretched surroundings, himself in ragged clothing, praying first for suffering Jamaica, then for friends in the United States, and last for themselves, and then especially remembering the one who had given her beautiful life for Africa. Surely this black man has not only taught us the practical in religion, but also the "beauty of holiness."

At one period he greatly needed and desired a blackboard. Mrs. Ross and some friends sent him some money for this, and he says: "All of us exclaim that this is the blessing of God. The pupils had rather see this blackboard than anything in the school because God has given it to them through His people. It is all but worshiped by the students." And again: "The pupils calls it 'America,' and every one wants to work on the American blackboard. This helps wonderfully in my work. So you see what sunshine came into our schoolroom by this gift."

God bless him! he even got sunshine out of a blackboard, because by it he could help elevate the people.

In summing up all his blessings and aid for the year he adds, "I am very grateful to know that I shall have the privilege of spending my life for Christ's cause in Liberia."

CHAPTER VI

THE FIRST BUILDING ERECTED AND INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH THE GROWTH OF THE WORK

While teaching in the old basement Jacob had longed for a better place in which to teach and for a home of his own. He said that if he had his own dwelling-house he could take the jungle boys, for he could keep them with him; and from what we have learned in the preceding chapter of the place in which he taught, we will not be surprised that he longed for a better place in which to care for his school.

Toward the close of the year in which he taught in the old basement, he writes: "I mean to build a house for myself as soon as school is out. I have been staying with Mr. Lett, a merchant in Liberia, this year. I wish to have my own place, where I can have a better opportunity to study. This will be an advantage in many ways."

Before he could commence this house where he hoped to live and found a great school, he

must determine upon the most suitable location. Naturally the people wished this located in the midst of the settlement, so the smaller children could attend even when the rains would be heaviest. Jacob's choice of a location, however, was a rolling piece of ground commanding a view of the ocean, about two miles from the settlement and three miles from the river.

Writing of his reasons for selecting this site, he says: "I built outside of the settlement, first, because there are many things which are carried on in the village which would be detrimental. Second, I could not get enough land on which to carry on the work; and if I should keep stock, that would trouble my neighbors. And third, out here we have good water and the sea breeze."

Writing toward the close of his first year in Schieffelin he says: "I intend to have the land surveyed. It will cost about twenty dollars' merchandise to have the surveyor come and survey the land and get a deed for it. It will be about two miles from the little village and about one-half mile from the nearest house. I like this place on account of the water. There are three springs which run through the longest 'dries' [dry season], and the sea breeze will be acceptable and tend to keep the atmosphere pure."

Again he says: "I want to begin teaching in April at least, if I can possibly get ready. There

are thousands of acres of 'old field,' excellent for stock-raising, near the land I will have for the school, and as it will be partly an industrial school I shall teach the art of cultivating the soil, stock and poultry raising, as well as the literary studies. The former is very badly needed in this part. I mean to break steers to work, to relieve the natives of their burdens.

"I shall expect some of the boys and girls to come from the Southern Christian Institute by and by. I am sure there is no telling what God will do for my people if they will do all they can to help themselves. I remember that when the soles of the priests' feet touched the waters of the Jordan the waters were divided because they had gone as far as they could. Then God helped them to do what they could not do alone. We can always see what He will do for us when we do all we can for ourselves first."

Of what value even his short stay will mean to that whole section from the industrial standpoint, no one can say. He developed many new sources of supplies for the poor people there. Building his house! Of building in general he writes thus: "We can not move here as we do in the United States. We must have some one to saw all the lumber by hand out in the woods. [We learn the method of procedure in sawing was to fell a tree across other trees or logs, and

then one man would stand above and one below, and with a cross-cut saw make lumber.] This lumber is carried on the heads of the men out of the forest to the place of building. Then you must prepare this lumber for use with the plane and saw. You must have the money before the sawyers will commence work. Most of the sawyers are natives." This description referred more to the building of his schoolhouse, for, as we learn from his letters, he did nearly all the work on his own dwelling with his own hands in the midst of other labors abundant.

He wrote thus, March, 1908: "I have been very busy with my house and farm. As you see I have used my vacation at hard work. The roof of my house was shingled last week. You must know I am very proud of my new house. It is a two-story house, twenty by sixteen feet, with a piazza eight feet wide and twenty feet long. I have gotten everything for this building out of the forest excepting the nails. It has thus made me look very lean, not having the proper food for such work."

He was, no doubt, too busy to even prepare the meal in the mortar for his one luxury, which would be cornbread without butter.

"I thank the Lord for a mind to build, and now I have a nice dry place in which to live, and from my room I can see the ships passing from Monrovia to Marshall."

And again: "Just now I am busy working on my house, which will be completed in about three weeks. I cut the frame out of the woods, and with a frow made the shingles for the roof. I learned to make shingles in the United States before I went to the Southern Christian Institute. My house is sixteen by twenty feet, and two stories high. I am somewhat disappointed in the time of completing it. We can not come up to our expectation, especially when we have to be horse, wagon, and driver. I do n't fancy being the wagon when the sun shines as it does here."

Later he writes: "I am now living in my house on the beach. A very beautiful location it is. We are having a very busy time in school now, though the rains are so heavy that the little ones who attended last year have not been able to walk the distance, but we have a houseful every day. Our present number is thirty-seven, and more are preparing to come from this and other settlements."

This house in its beautiful location was the first sided and shingled house in all that part of Liberia and was a great curiosity to the people. It was the first time since coming to the land that he had a dry place in which to teach and sleep. This building he had taken from the forest with his own hands, his only tools being an ax and frow. This truly illustrates the

value of his industrial training; yet with that training he coupled most wonderful perseverance amid difficult surroundings.

It was at this time he named and began calling his school the Liberian Christian Institute, making the name as nearly like that of the Southern Christian Institute as possible.

In a letter written the writer the day after Christmas, 1908, we find the following: "Since I received your last letter I have been waiting to receive the things which you informed me had been sent. I am very proud to say that I received them all yesterday at Marshall; the books, the tools, the sewing machine, gun, and ammunition; and what was more pleasing to me, I found that nothing was damaged. Everything was well packed. I am very thankful to my Heavenly Father and to you for these articles. They will be of great value to the work. Will you please accept my thanks for them? though I can not express how grateful I feel; but the Lord knows. The sewing machine is a very fine one, and the only one of the kind in these parts. I am well pleased with the gun. It is also a very fine one and exactly right for conditions here. I have learned the combination and tried it once and killed three pigeons." And then he adds: "I found in the machine-drawers lead pencils, pen points, crayon, thread, and hand needles, as your letter indicated. It

was certainly thoughtful in you to remember that these articles are needed so badly in this country. There are so many things we need that I only speak of some we can not well do without."

In one of his letters Jacob had written concerning the things he could raise on his farm, and adds: "I could raise cattle also, but I would have to have a gun to keep the leopards off."

As he, in another letter, tells of several natives near who had been killed by the leopards, one would have thought he would have asked for a gun to keep the leopards off of Jacob. Not so; he wished a gun to protect the cattle. This letter was read to a friend, who sent him a fine breech-loader Winchester and four hundred rounds of ammunition.

In one of his letters he throws light on the question of their meat supply. In the wet season, during the time his school is in session, from April to January, the floods drive the game out to higher ground toward the settlements. But in the dry season (when he was always doing hard, manual work, "making" his farms and erecting his buildings) the game returns to its haunts, and hence was hard to get; and so he wrote, "I have not proper food to sustain me, as the smoke-house is empty." From this time on he has his gun and writes, "Sometimes it furnishes a squirrel to add to my diet;" and

speaking of its use: "Mr. Lett and I shot a large snake [which had captured one of his sheep] which measured twenty-one feet in length. One was shot last week which had killed a large dog. They sometimes attack people also, and calves and other small animals."

When James Rundles came from Jacob's mission to the Southern Christian Institute he brought with him the skin of the snake killed by Jacob and Mr. Lett, and this skin, without the head, measured eighteen feet.

Later he writes that the gun had been a great help to the work, and he told of having killed four deer and a great amount of small game, and stated that his ammunition was just finished. A new supply was at once sent him by the friend who sent the gun.

It was told at one time in a meeting what Jacob had said about wishing to take the wild boys of the jungle into his school, but that he would have to clothe them; and about his having said that there were girls in his school who could learn to sew on a sewing-machine if they had one, and that then clothes could be made for these boys. Mrs. Holbrook, then of Onawa, Iowa, gave money with which to have purchased and sent to Jacob a sewing-machine. This is the sewing-machine referred to as part of the box received at Christmas. Later he writes of this: "The sewing-machine has also been a great

The skin of the snake which Jacob Kenoly and Mr. Lett killed near Schieffelin, Liberia. James Rundles, who brought the snake skin to the Southern Christian Institute, is seated in the picture.

help to the work, for clothing had to be made for all the native boys."

Of the Christmas time of this year, 1908, the first one after he was in his little house on the beach, he writes to Mrs. Ross: "Yesterday was Christmas day. Judge Walker and family spent the day at the beach. We had prayer-meeting in the morning, and a talk on the meaning of Christmas. The people here do not have anything which seems like a Christmas day. We had green corn, which I gathered on my farm that day. I have quite a lot of dry corn, but I did not succeed in getting a little corn-mill to make it into meal; so we will continue the process of beating with a pestle."

In the midst of his school work this year he was again taken down with the fever. He says: "For some days I was not able to be about my work. I think it was a return of the African fever. I am told it will return every time I am exposed too much to the sun or rain."

His closing labors for the year are thus mentioned: "I am getting out the frame of our new schoolhouse, which will be a two-story building, twenty-five by forty feet. I want to make it large enough, so I can accommodate in the upper story twenty-five or thirty boys. [Before he closed his life-work he kept fifty-one boys in this upper story.] I am not pleased with the slow progress I make on this, but I must be

thankful for what I am able to do. You see I teach every day but Saturday, and it is only evenings and mornings and Saturdays, when the rain is not too heavy, that I can work on the building." Later he writes: "We have now all the timbers out for our new school building. We have been cutting the frame; but since the tools have come we can all devote our spare time to this, and it will soon be finished. I will be glad if I can get the nails soon, as I can not put the frame together without them."

He here describes the close of school and his vacation: "My school closed three weeks ago. Forty-eight pupils went home to await the opening of a new term of school in April. I took one week's vacation, in which I paid a visit to Conersburg, which is one day's walk toward the interior. It is an old settlement of Americo-Liberians. While there I met several native kings, who say they (each) want to put a boy in school next year. From all I can learn, all the neighboring settlements will be represented." This prediction was fulfilled.

At this period is his first mention of fishing. "I have succeeded in getting a small float-net from a man in Marshall. The boys have caught a lot of nice fish from the lake (though it is more of a sound than a lake). It is about eight miles long. If I had a small seine we would not want for meat." A little later a seine net

was sent to him, and another shortly before his death.

He now speaks of the progress of his work and in one letter tells of his singing class of twenty. He had been to Monrovia and searched the town for note-books, but could find only six. He says, "The pupils have learned all the four parts, and we make the jungle ring with the Jubilee songs, but they have nearly stretched their necks off trying to sing from the six books." What a picture! Twenty scholars with the six note-books, and with one little kerosene lamp for light, yet making the jungle ring with the Jubilee songs! One boy always wanted to sing "Beulah Land," because Jacob had told him so much of "Mt. Beulah," the name of the plantation at the Southern Christian Institute. I read this letter to a friend and he exclaimed: "There is nothing since the days of the apostles to equal that boy. Send him at once at my expense seventy-five 'Jubilee Song Books' and seventy-five New Testaments." When Jacob got the news that the books were on the way, he writes: "We look forward to the time when the song books will be in the school. They will greatly add to the interest. Thank the Lord for such glorious results from faithful ones." In Jacob's conception the "faithful ones" were bringing most of the results. "I can not find words to thank you to my satisfaction. I will

try to be faithful and leave the results with God."

A letter was written to him commending him for his heroic work in which it was told him that if he would make known his personal needs many would be glad to have part in supplying them. This letter came to him near the time of opening his own house and at a time of dire need. Yet this is his reply: "I make it a rule never to ask anything for myself. I feel as though as much of self must be left out of this work as possible. I would be very glad, though, if at this time I could get a mosquito-bar for my bed, as I can not get one here."

At another time to a similar request he had written: "I ask not for self. It is enough joy just to work for Christ." One always felt rebuked on receiving one of his letters, though Jacob never meant that this should be. He had learned at the Southern Christian Institute that the bite of a certain kind of mosquito introduced into the blood a germ which caused malarial fever. After using the mosquito-bar for a time, he writes that he had not had a return of the fever since he had had his bed protected by the bar. He did in this letter, however, ask for one-half dozen Physiologies and one-half dozen "United States Histories" and a "Webster's Dictionary." Shortly before this he received a letter and seven dollars from Mrs. Ross, which

she sent the last of November, 1907. In reply he writes: "Your good letter dated November 30th came to hand yesterday. I was truly glad to have a letter from you and know that God had blessed you with good health while you have been engaged in doing what has pleased Him.

"I have always felt that you were a blessing to all who came in touch with you. While at the Southern Christian Institute all of the students expressed themselves as being of the same mind. It is a great pleasure for one to know of people who use every opportunity for good.

"I have read your letter three times. The students are all anxious to know what Mrs. Ross said. I also found inclosed seven dollars which you wished me to use for my own comfort and which I learned was sent to me by friends who are deeply interested in me and the work here. I do not know how to thank you or them for the great interest which crosses so much land and water to reach this place. I can but say, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.' It seems He told the friends over there that I needed clothes and shoes. I had patched my shoes until I could not patch them more. Now I thank the Lord for His blessings. The Lord told you of my need. [The Lord was always counted in with Jacob.] The best way to show my gratitude is by showing how faithful I can

be. I am afraid I can not come up to what you might expect, though I mean to do the best I can and leave the results with God." His thanks for the seven dollars is characteristic. Then we would never have known of his great need and the condition of his clothing at this time if it had not been for his desire to thank the friends far across the sea for their gift. Then, and not till then, we learn of the "shoes patched till he could not patch them more." Yet, as the cheapest shoes he could buy cost him four dollars and fifty cents, there was left the enormous sum of two dollars and fifty cents for his other needs. One would have thought, from our standpoint, that he would have thought the Lord was very moderate in His representation of needs. It is also to be remembered, in order to get the full force of this, that at this time he had in his possession the fifty dollars, first installment from the Christian Woman's Board of Missions. But he felt that this must not be used for himself.

When Jacob was working on his little house, and shortly before he moved into it, he received this first money from the Board. He says, writing to J. B. Lehman under date of November 20, 1907: "The day I received your letter one came to me from the president of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions saying that they

The dwelling house erected by Jacob Kenoly at the station near Schieffelin, Liberia; the house whose materials he took from the forest, his only tools being a frow and an ax. The only money-cost for this building was for the nails.

had sent fifty dollars to me the day before. I have been to the office in Monrovia and found the same. I mean to get the land surveyed and the deed first. I shall try to get a government gift of one hundred acres of land for the school. I am told that it is possible. Then there will be room for great things to be accomplished.

"I have not used any of the money yet, though I mean to use some to have the land surveyed, and then I will get the tools needed to build the schoolhouse. I will have to order the zinc as soon as possible, so as to give time for it to get here by the time we are ready for it."

He must pay for the survey of the land and pay for the deed, and hire sawyers to saw out timbers for this schoolhouse. For himself he used but little, even though he had many needs. Even the seven dollars would not have been used for himself if he had not been told that friends had sent it for his own personal needs. He might have written something in this fashion: "I have now been in this country two years and six months trying to bring the Good News to Liberia. I have been sick many months, often near to death. I lost all and am working hard for this people. I have had no chance to restore my loss. You Christian people are living in comparative luxury, while I suffer with hunger. You are warmly clothed, while I am in rags;

so I would be glad if you would come to my relief, and that quickly." No such thoughts ever entered the mind of Jacob. When he received seven dollars he wrote, "God told you of my need." Why did he not use part of the fifty dollars sent him by the Christian Woman's Board of Missions, which he had in his possession all the time, to supply some of his personal needs? He had not time at this period to even pound the meal to make corn-bread to give him health and strength. This man's desire was so great to bring the gospel to Africa that he willingly suffered great privation to accomplish this great end and bring Christ to the people who knew Him not.

Jacob had made the acquaintance of the President of the Liberian Republic, and in letters written at this period he speaks of this: "I am well acquainted with President Barclay. He is a very fine man. I understand that he is an English subject by birth, but that he was raised in this country." And again: "I have been to the mansion and had a talk with President Barclay. This is a very critical period with our country. Liberia is indebted to England for a good sum of money, and England threatens to take the territory if the sum can not be raised. The government has sent ambassadors to the United States to see if it can borrow money. We learned

that they had reached Washington a short time ago, but we can not tell what the success will be."

Jacob also wrote at different times of uprisings and wars between the different native tribes, and of one such in and around Schieffelin, where many were killed.

CHAPTER VII

THE ERECTION OF THE SCHOOL BUILDING AND THE WORK OF THE TWO YEARS FOLLOWING

Ever since Jacob Kenoly had determined to make Schieffelin his permanent home he had been planning for a school building. He wrote of his need, and as a result the Christian Woman's Board of Missions decided to help him. The Iowa Missionary Societies, under the direction of Miss Annette Newcomer, secretary, asked the privilege of raising one thousand dollars for this work in Africa. The writer went to Iowa and assisted in raising this fund. From the time Miss Newcomer first heard of Jacob Kenoly and his work in Liberia to the close of his life she was his true friend and loyal supporter not only in leading the noble women co-workers in Iowa in giving to support his cause, but personally doing much to make his way brighter, and for what she did he ever held her in grateful remembrance.

The Christian Woman's Board of Missions sent the following message to Jacob Kenoly, December 10, 1907: "In our annual Board meet-

ing held in Norfolk, Virginia, the members of our Board decided to aid you in your work of establishing a Christian mission school in Marshall. We are in correspondence with an English hardware dealer, and hope to be able to send you the carpenter's tools you will need for the building of the schoolhouse.

"May you ever remember that you do not work alone, but that you work with God, and that your brethren and friends in the homeland are remembering you and praying for you."

The following February the Board sent one hundred and fifty dollars to be used in the construction of the schoolhouse and home, and twenty-five dollars for the education of one of the boys.

A little later the following encouraging word was sent: "We shall be ready always to answer your letters and shall always be glad to hear from you and to know of the progress of your work. The Christian Woman's Board of Missions, which has tried to do a good work for your people at Edwards, Mississippi; at Lum, Alamaba; at Martinsville, Virginia, and at Louisville, Kentucky, and by evangelistic work in many States, hopes to be able to do good for your people in Africa."

From the time the Christian Woman's Board of Missions took Jacob Kenoly as one of its missionaries and his work as one of its mission

fields, it sent to him three hundred dollars a year. In regard to this we have the following statement from the Board: "Correspondence was carried on with various missionary organizations working in Africa, and information was secured that three hundred dollars a year is the amount generally paid to those rendering this kind of service under Boards there; therefore this amount was fixed as the salary for Jacob Kenoly."

A letter to the friends in Iowa comes into this period. As it gives such an all-around picture of Jacob's life and work it is quoted almost in its entirety: "I am very thankful to my Heavenly Father for the members of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions who are so busy in their Master's vineyard and whose love for God's creatures is as broad as the earth. It was especially pleasing to note your relation to my people in Africa and that you find pleasure in lending a helping hand in this work which I have attempted to do. You must know I am very thankful that God has chosen me to work in this place. I feel sure we will be able to accomplish great things in the near future.

"I have been in this country three years, doing what my hands found to do when my health permitted me to work. I have seen many dark days and have had many sore trials and disappointments. I would sometimes exclaim, 'How

dreadful is this place!' And many times I have also said, 'Surely God is in this place, and I knew it not!' He was near, even though I did not always realize it.

"It is my purpose to establish an industrial, literary, and Bible school in this place, which I feel can not fail to be of inestimable value to these my heathen brothers as well as to the people who are civilized. I have succeeded in building a dwelling-house about two miles from the main settlement out on the beach. I am using the first story to teach in this year.

"Our present number on the roll is twenty-nine. This number is increasing. Some have come from other settlements. If this continues we will have to teach the primary classes and send them home to make room for the advanced classes.

"I have not been well the last two weeks. I think it was the acclimating fever making its last attack. I am very much better now, and able to attend to my school work.

"I am getting out the frame for our new building, though I have not been able to do anything at it for some little time. It is a slow process when I am teaching every day. There will be so much work I think I shall have to have some help with the frame. I have received the money for the zinc and will send to England for it in this mail, that it may be here in

time for the building. I am so glad we are to have a building. We will then have room to do more effective work. There are many more pupils anxious to come, but there is not room. I earnestly pray that I may be able to open school in the new school building in 1908.

"I will get my petition ready to meet the next session of the Legislature, which will be in January next. I want to get one hundred acres of land for a site for the school.

"We have a good Sunday-school for this place. It is very interesting to all. We were very thankful to some good brother in the United States who sent us a number of song-books and Testaments. We sang, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.' God has blessed us in so many ways this year that this seems like a new work. I have been made strong by having to face so many obstacles which I dare not mention here. I am glad to say there is a God who stands ready to shield, support, and strengthen us for His work.

"There are only two boys who live with me. After school hours we take our axes and go into the forest to cut the frame for the building. They are my school boys; so you see we do not have very much time to spend, especially when it rains so much.

"Next year I would like to set out about three thousand coffee trees for the Liberian Christian

Institute, all of which would be of value to the school. I would like to enter the industry of stock-raising as well as cultivating the soil. I can not just now tell what will be the cost of getting all this established, but when I have completed the building I will study out what it will cost.

"I have planted a large farm of eddas and casava and some corn, that I may be able to feed several boys next year. You know, I suppose, that the products of the soil here are different from those of the United States. It takes those who come to this country a long time to get used to the diet. Some never get used to it, and those who can order from England do not care to. Corn and rice and potatoes are some of the things which will grow here if properly cared for, and will, I believe, do as well as in the United States.

"I note that Brother Smith will soon make a visit to Iowa in the interests of the work among my people. We are all thankful that he is an instrument in God's hands to bless them, and every boy and girl and the old and young who know with what great love for their uplifting Brother Smith labors, will join us in asking God's blessing on the Christian Woman's Board of Missions and Brother Smith.

"I ask an interest in your prayers for this work. JACOB KENOLY."

Mr. Lehman had carefully prepared plans for Jacob's school building and had sent these to him, together with instructions, advice, and encouragement for his undertakings, and the building, as erected, and as it stands there in Africa to-day, a wonder to all that region, is according to these plans. It is twenty-five by forty feet, and the first story was used by Jacob for his school and for religious services, and the second as a dormitory for boys. He named it the "Ross Building," as has before been stated, in honor of Mrs. Ross.

Many delays came, and the work went very slowly. In September, 1908, he wrote: "The men are getting along very well sawing lumber for our new building. By the last of October I hope we will have all the frame cut. The zinc which I ordered in July is now in Schieffelin. The school boys bring some every day. We now have one hundred and twenty-seven sheets over on the beach. There yet remains one hundred and twenty-one in Schieffelin." But Jacob does not tell the difficulties and hardships in getting this zinc, for the building, as far as Schieffelin. It was shipped from England to Monrovia, and the trip from Monrovia to Schieffelin was made as follows: Four hours' "run" in the old dugout boat on the Monserrado River, and then a walk of five miles across the "old fields," and then in the dugout boat on the Junk River a

The School building which Jacob Kendy erected at the Mission station near Schieffelin, Liberia. Jacob is standing on the upper veranda.

"run" of five hours to Schieffelin. This was the way by which the two hundred and forty-eight sheets of zinc had been brought to Schieffelin; and then, as he says in the above quotation, they had gotten one hundred and twenty-seven sheets out on the beach, meaning out near the school or station. Since talking with Dr. Dye, who made this trip twice each way from Monrovia to Schieffelin, it is known to be a much more laborious trip than had been supposed from Jacob's description as given in a previous chapter. Dr. Dye says it took them twelve hours in time, and very hard labor on the part of the boys on the river and very hard walking and wading (for he made the trip in the rainy season) on the part of all over the five miles of "old fields." They rowed for hours through the heavy downpour, and would stop by the way and cook their scanty food. In one letter Jacob, in telling about bringing goods which had been shipped from the United States to Monrovia, tells of their wading across the "old fields" waist deep and carrying the things in their arms or above their heads. Yet all the heavy covering for that school building, not only for the roof, but for the sides, and all the window-glass, etc., had to be brought from Monrovia in this way.

Writing, March 1, 1909, of what he had received locally in money, labor, etc., toward the building, he says: "The community has not been

able to do much outside the settlement. Many of the Monrovia people say it is so far back that they will not be benefited much; so you see they have not yet reached the plane where they can give excepting where they can see immediate benefit, though they are able to do so. Some of the neighboring settlements have promised to give aid. Schieffelin has given or paid already in means for the building one hundred and fifteen dollars, and forty-five is still to be paid by those who subscribed in Schieffelin." It is our remembrance that Jacob received from the people of Schieffelin and surrounding country in money, lumber, and labor at least four hundred dollars, and he himself gave nearly all of his own salary. In December, 1909, about two years from the time he commenced to get out the frame for this building, he writes as follows: "We have just closed a very successful term of school. The number enrolled was sixty; so you see I have been hard at work with all the assistance I could get from advanced pupils. We had eleven in our night school, and about fifty-five in Sunday school, and forty-eight in our Temperance Society, and we now have eleven members of the Christian Church. We have been doing what we could on our new school building (though we have used it all this term). It yet lacks the windows, which we have been expect-

ing for some time, but they have not yet arrived."

He wrote to the Executive Committee of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions: "We rejoice to see that the Lord is near to bless our efforts here in Africa. This helps us to know that faithful service is always attended by blessing from the Lord. I feel very thankful to the Christian Woman's Board of Missions for our new building. On the day we opened it and saw what the Board had done in Africa we sang a song of praise."

A letter to Mr. Lehman of August 12, 1910, is now given, because it throws light upon many things connected with this period: "Your good letter dated June 21st reached me August 5th; so you see it has been one month and fifteen days on the way. We had been expecting a letter from you for some weeks. Your letters are looked for with great eagerness. When we are so fortunate as to get one it is like receiving a letter from home.

"I have been having good health this month and also a part of last. I have been kept quite busy at the station. All the work moves along nicely. It is indeed a great pleasure to work for the unfortunate ones of Africa, especially when one sees with what eagerness the uncivilized seek knowledge and the manifestations of

their appreciation of what they receive; and as we see that our Heavenly Father continues to bless the work, we can say it is true that God has opened a way for the heathen to be lifted up.

"On the 26th of July was our national holiday. We gave a two-weeks' vacation, and some of the boys spent their vacation in carrying across the 'old fields' cargo which was sent by the Christian Woman's Board of Missions. This consisted of blue denim and check for shirting for boys, tools, window frames, glass for the windows, and some rice. You must know we feel very thankful to the Christian Woman's Board of Missions for these articles. Some of the boys said, 'Providence is a great thing, because He sent these things at our national holidays, so as not to let us miss any from our school days.' We have the things all at the station now. We were exposed to some heavy rains while crossing the 'old fields.' The water was up, and in many places had to be waded; but we were so proud that the things had come for our station that we thought it a good time to take them to their destination." What a lesson here! Making that twenty-four hours' trip to and from Monrovia, and carrying those heavy articles across the swamps covered with water for five miles, and yet rejoicing that it was the holiday season, so they would lose no time from school! As Jacob had given to his boys his spirit, so all

felt that all these things came to them by the hand of a kind Providence or as a good gift from God; and hence the occasion for joy and rejoicing. The beauty of Jacob's relation to his God is apparent and makes light the heaviest burden.

At this period we have the following: "Our new building is up and inclosed, and the first floor is laid. It is a commodious building and has a nice appearance from the outside. It will seat, when finished, three hundred people, and will accommodate one hundred pupils. You must know we are very thankful to the Lord and the Christian Woman's Board of Missions for this building. Our school opened in it the first Monday in April. Owing to the busy season of the year our enrollment was twenty-five, but since then it has reached twenty-eight. The busy season will soon be over, and then pupils will come pouring in from all the nearby settlements. We keep very busy before and after school hours working to complete our building. There is a great deal of work still to be done on it before it is completed."

Writing to Mrs. Ross at the close of the school of 1909, he says: "I have nine boys which I am supporting in school. About six weeks ago a native man brought two little naked heathen boys and gave them to me. He said, 'I want them to have English names and learn civilized habits.' They are seven and eight years of age.

As we looked on their starved and naked forms we were moved to great sympathy. The first thing to do was to name them. One was called Johnie and the other Lewis. They are now happy in their new home. To-day another native man brought another boy, and we call him Aaron. Ruth is now at the machine making clothes for them.

"I received a letter from you some time ago, but my health was so poor and I was so busy that I could not reply until now. In that letter I believe you asked me for a sketch of my life. I am sending in this mail, under separate cover, a part of what you requested. You will at some future time receive the rest." But the "rest" will never be received, for Jacob was called home before the sketch was completed. What he did send, referred to above, is found in the first chapter of this book. How thankful we are that Mrs. Ross was moved to ask Jacob for this, and that he wrote as he did! This is now prized beyond words to express.

Of his work at this time, May 18, 1910, he says: "We are keeping twenty boys on the campus. Our number during the busy season is thirty-five. I have to look after their food, clothes, medicines, and laundry as well as behavior. Our Temperance Society and Sunday school and church services are very interesting. At our regular church service on last Lord's day

two came forward and made the good confession. The baptism will be next Lord's day. This makes fourteen in number in our Church." And again: "We have six tribes represented here in school. There are six Crue boys, ten Congo boys, seven Bassa boys and one Gola boy, and three Pessy boys and three Americo-Liberians. You see we have thirty boys boarding at the Liberian Christian Institute. We are doing all we can for them, for their lives must be the product of whatever influence is thrown around them. They are (most of them) small boys. You must know it takes work as well as management to feed this number. I trust we can have them under such control that their lives may bless thousands of other lives who otherwise would remain in a state of wretchedness. I need not say my expenses are greater, but God knows we are doing the very best we can under the circumstances." Again he writes: "We have forty-four boarding pupils, and the expenses are very great. It is only in case of extreme necessity that I use any of my salary for my comfort, but I can not meet the needs. . . . Some time in October last a native man brought his little son, but he ran away and went home. He did this the second time and the third. Then the man sent his older son to stay until the little fellow should become tame. When two months had passed the father came for the older son to carry

him home, but he did not want to go. He said, 'I want to stay and be civilized too, and I shall not go back to the country;' so both boys are still in school.

"About two weeks ago a large boy ran away from the country and came to the station. He said, 'I hear good about this place, and I have come to stay so I can become civilized.'

"Now, with the teaching and laundry work and cooking, it is more than we can very well manage. I think I will have to take twenty-five dollars of the amount received each quarter from the Board, and with this employ a primary teacher. If I do not do this I would have to send some pupils away. This I will not do, for if it takes all I have to keep those who come to me, I will not lose my reward by making the sacrifice."

In November, 1910, Jacob wrote to the Board: "I feel that God is pleased with the year's work and that the prayers of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions have reached Africa. My health continues good, and I feel very happy in the work here. I cease not to ask God's blessing on the Christian Woman's Board of Missions."

As the year drew to a close he again wrote to the Board: "We have had the good pleasure of working together, the Board and I, another twelve months. My salary has been coming quite regularly each quarter, and I have received aid

in the way of provisions and clothing for the boys at this station. I thank the Lord that we have been blessed through the Christian Women's Board of Missions. When working in a field like this, experience furnishes every year a new store of knowledge which better fits one for the work of another year. . . .

"We continue to thank the Lord for the Christian Woman's Board of Missions. May the Lord continue to bless you, its president! May many who sit in darkness be brought to the light in 1911, so it will then be a happy new year to the Christian Woman's Board of Missions and missionaries."

Then, April 18, 1911, two months before his death, he writes to Mr. Lehman: "We have forty-six boys to support. These live in the Ross Building. You will realize that it keeps us all worked down, and that we have hardly enough means for so great a work as we are now doing. Sometimes we have not enough money for postage for letters we would like to send to friends in the homeland."

And again: "One Crue man wants me to take twenty-five Crue boys when school reopens. He has just learned of this school. I am sure we will be crowded out next year, and I will be glad if we are allowed to have one primary teacher to help with the work."

This primary teacher and an appropriation

for her salary were allowed by the Christian Woman's Board of Missions. Early in 1911 the Auxiliary of the Walnut Hills Christian Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, raised six hundred dollars and took Jacob Kenoly and his mission as its "Living Link;" and his salary was increased by the Board from three hundred dollars a year to six hundred dollars a year. Jacob received this good news about a fortnight before his death.

Dr. Royal J. Dye visited Jacob Kenoly and his mission about two weeks before his death, being there when the letters containing the above "good news" reached Jacob. Farther mention will be made of this visit. We wish now to tell some incidents related by Dr. Dye which throw light on Jacob's methods in and ideals for his work. If any have the impression that Jacob Kenoly was a weak character they certainly have a wrong impression of him. When Dr. Dye was there at Jacob's mission he said that different ones would take him aside to "tell him about Jacob." One of the boys of the school told Dr. Dye that he had come to school for two days in succession with poor lessons, and that on the second day Jacob gave him a whipping. The boy did not tell this in the way of complaint at all, but rather as illustrative of Jacob's discipline for his school. Again, Dr. Dye learned this, that one of the school girls had fallen into sin, and he at once expelled her and would not

Some of the members of the Church and some of the pupils of the school on the veranda of the school building at the mission station near Schieffelin, Liberia. Jacob Kenoly is the tallest of those standing in the back row.

permit her to return to school. The whole community became indignant at Jacob, and threatened to take their children from school, etc., and taunted him, and the news of this spread all over that section of country, but Jacob could not be moved one jot. He told all that nothing could be done without social purity. Some said to him, "You can not make a white man's country, and you need not try." Jacob replied, "I am not here to make a white man's country, but a Christ country, and such things can not be tolerated in my school." In the end the firm stand he took in this made the people believe in him the more and flock to him. Again a man took Dr. Dye aside and told him he had something he wanted to tell him about Jacob Kenoly, and after some preliminaries he said, "I want to tell you that Jacob Kenoly is a great 'splainer [explainer], he just 'splains and 'splains the Word of God until we can all understand it." So this then was the worst Dr. Dye heard of Jacob Kenoly, that he was a great " 'splainer."

In August, 1910, Jacob writes of one Henry Lewis, who had come to the settlement about two years before to sell rum. This man was born in one of the West Indies and had been a sailor most of his life. He was married to a native of Liberia in 1909, and both he and his wife were converted by Jacob and joined his Church, and he became as a second "Timothy" to Jacob,

and both himself and wife were thereafter of the greatest help to him and the work. He was one of those who met death with Jacob, and he will be farther spoken of in a closing chapter.

Many times had Jacob mentioned the negotiations with the Liberian Government for a grant of land for his work, and when it finally came to him it was for two hundred acres instead of the one hundred he had thought to get. The deed for this land Jacob sent to the Christian Woman's Board of Missions, and it is now in their possession.

Under date of May 18, 1910, he writes: "I was married to Ruth Walker in April, and she has been a great help to me in the work here. She is a sincere Christian girl, who is a missionary in spirit. Her age is twenty-four years. Since April she has been looking after the cooking and laundry and sewing for twenty-one boys. She also assists some of the classes in school." From this time to the close of his life Jacob and Ruth walked hand in hand in the work.

In May of 1910 Jacob and his boys built a dining-room sixteen by twenty feet. They hewed this out of the forest, and all it cost was for the nails.

A number of times during the last years Jacob had spoken of his health as being very poor and had often expressed the desire to come back to this country on a furlough. He wrote to Mrs.

Atwater about this, and in February, 1910, he wrote to Mr. Lehman: "Your good letter came a few days ago. I was not well at the time, but was anxiously looking forward to the time when I would be coming to America." Almost five years he had toiled there, and God alone knows what he had suffered and endured. Then he writes: "I have received word from the Board that did not make it possible for me to go. . . . So I am content to stay and work for the Lord."

Does not all of the above form a wonderful picture of a wonderful life and work? Does not this life forever answer that profound query, "What good does it do to train a Negro?" and does not this one marvelous life forever answer every question concerning work for this race, which holds in it a touch of sarcasm or scorn or an implied doubt? These questions all, which should never be asked by followers of the Christ, can be answered by the two words, "Jacob Kenoly."

CHAPTER VIII

JACOB KENOLY'S VISION FOR LIBERIA

JACOB had a wonderful vision of what the work for Liberia should be. While he thanked God continually for what He had enabled him to accomplish there, yet he saw his work in its true proportion, and, comparing it with the need, saw it as but a small work and as only the beginning of what he longed for in that land. His vision was of a redeemed Liberia and a work large enough to accomplish this. He, looking forward to this day, saw another and a much larger school building, one which could accommodate many hundreds, and then he saw dormitories, and he saw a hospital and medical school and a home for the aged and a department where many industries should be taught, and then he saw (and this was the "vision beautiful" to him) all of the above as a radiating center from which many were to go out, north, east, and south, to carry the torch of truth lighted there at the great central station. Yes, Jacob's vision was for a redeemed Liberia, for a redeemed Africa! He yearned over those sinful needy

ones who, while having a form of godliness, deny the power thereof. And then his great heart was filled with compassion beyond power of words to express over those wild, heathen peoples back in the jungle, "to those thousands of naked forms whose lives are tormented by the cruel native customs, to the thousands of infants thrown into the African streams, these who plead for the true God."

Jacob wrote just three months before his death concerning his wishes for the enlargement of his work: "I learn that there are thousands of cannibals back in the bush, and my greatest desire is to reach them, that they may learn of the glory of God who drives away the gloom of night from even Africa; but the work needs to be enlarged here, that it may spread and cover Africa.

"Now, concerning my wishes for the enlargement of the Christian work at Denham Station, there could be no surer or better way of enhancing its interest to the glory of God and the betterment of the benighted heathen than in providing suitable shelter, food, and raiment for as many native pupils as there could be a sufficient corps of competent teachers and matron to attend upon. In alluding to the competency of teachers I do not confine my ideas to mere intellectual training, important as this is. There is required a large and progressive work here on the manual labor system. We need teachers

of the different trades for both the male and female students.

"It is this that makes it necessary, in my opinion, to send as many of the pupils to the Southern Christian Institute to be trained as possible; this and to give them a conception of what the slow march of Christianity and civilization deprives them of here.

"I feel sure that when a boy from Africa is trained in an industrial school in the United States and returns to his people he can do more for them than those who must be acclimated first. About fifty per cent of those who have come here of late years have not lived to become acclimated, and a large per cent of those who have lived have never had good health. They find such a contrast between this and the country they have been used to that it unfits them for the work, and about nine out of every ten make failures.

"Then, again, I think it would be of great importance to the advancement of the work here to have something like a home and orphanage which would subserve the twofold purpose of caring for the aged and infirm and those who would need medical attention as well as the destitute of all ages. You can scarcely imagine how much such a benevolent contribution as this, in connection with a Christian station, would accelerate its growth and extend its influence for

good far and near. Such things as this Liberia is very much needing, and an institution here with such provisions would indeed become to this country the Good Samaritan.

"I can say, while I live in Africa let me make every possible sacrifice to heal their broken hearts and bring light around their way; and if I must die in Africa, let me die in active service for this cause—then I know I will be happy."

Such was Jacob Kenoly's desire for Africa, and coupled with it, as is seen in what he says, and as a means to its accomplishment, was his constant desire that the most promising of those in his school should be sent to the Southern Christian Institute to be trained and returned again to Liberia for Christian service. We believe he began planning for this back in the "old basement school." Certain it is that one of the first pupils to be enrolled in that school is now at the Southern Christian Institute as the result of this longing and prayer of Jacob's. A few months after he was installed in the first little building out on the beach he writes of this boy and his growing desire to have him go to the Southern Christian Institute: "There is a boy in my school, a native of this country and belonging to the Congo tribe, who has been very faithful in attending for two terms. He is a member of the advanced class and is an ex-

ceptionally good boy for this country. He has helped me with the little ones ever since he has been in attendance. We call him James Rundles. He has written to 'Uncle Isaac' once. I would be very glad to have him spend three or four years at the Southern Christian Institute if possible. I feel sure he will be a power for good among his people in this country, being a native here. He is not able to pay his way to the United States. He is very anxious to go to the Southern Christian Institute to finish his education and learn a trade, so as to come back to work among the people here. I know it will have its effect for good on the other boys. I will help to pay his fare to the United States if some one else can help a little." Jacob had referred several times to the help this boy had been to him in the schoolroom and in various ways, and one would think he would have felt he must keep him with him. Not so with Jacob Kenoly, for in this, as in all else, he thought not of himself, but looked forward to what would be for the ultimate good of the work for Liberia.

When this desire of Jacob's for this boy was made known, Mrs. Manning Davis and her Sunday school class of the Church of Anderson, Indiana, furnished the money for James Rundles to come over to the Southern Christian Institute. When Jacob got the letter in which J. B. Lehman told him of this, he writes, in reply, from

the postoffice in Monrovia, June 15, 1909: "Your letter reached me to-day. I am truly glad to know you have the money for James's passage. I am not very well prepared just now, as I am building, but I am having some clothes made for him, and as soon as I get the money for his fare I will have him on the way." Jacob's helping James to get suitable clothes for the voyage did not have its full meaning to us until long after, when we learned something of his own great needs at that time. James Rundles left Liberia, August 16, 1909, and word was sent on as to the date when he sailed. When two months had passed and no word was received from him, Mr. Lehman became very uneasy as to his safety. He wrote to proper authorities in France and to the shipping ports on the gulf, but no intelligence was received, but James Rundles arrived at the Southern Christian Institute, November 2, 1909, having been two months and seventeen days on the way. Mr. Lehman says: "Jacob did not start him from the port I had planned, and the boat landed him at Marseilles instead of Bordeaux, and he had to go by railroad from the former to the latter, and arrived there one day too late for his boat, and so had to wait a month. The American consul kept his money for him and paid his board bill, etc." We learn that James Rundles saw but two persons while in France who could understand him, and

he tells also that his ship was driven out of its course by storm on the way from Liberia to France. He is now in school at the Southern Christian Institute, and one of his teachers recently wrote that his conduct in her classes last year was simply perfect. He seems to have caught Jacob Kenoly's spirit. Our prayer is that he may always hold to this high standard and in a few years return, an incarnation of Jacob's spirit, Christ's spirit, to those people who yet sit in gross darkness.

Soon after sending James Rundles, Jacob wrote of another boy whom he wished to send: "I hope by this time our boy whom we sent is in the United States at the Southern Christian Institute. There is another boy here whom I would like to send. He belongs to the Congo tribe and is very apt and well reported. I believe he also will be a power for good in this country if he is given a proper chance." And again, "A Mr. West, of Rock Island, Illinois, has become interested in him and has asked what would be his fare to the United States."

It is the policy of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions, as it is of the missionary boards of other religious peoples, that those from their foreign fields should not be brought to this country to be educated for the purpose of returning them again to their own country as missionaries. Jacob, however, felt that these

James Rundles, one of the pupils of Jacob Kenoly's school, now at the Southern Christian Institute.

whom he had especially selected as most fitted to take the gospel message to their own in Liberia should receive a better training than he could possibly give them or than they could obtain any place in that land. Then he felt that from the very spirit and atmosphere at the Southern Christian Institute, and because of the peculiar training given there, it was especially adapted to give these boys just the training they would need in order to fit them as missionaries to Liberia. He also felt that it would not, in any particular, educate them out of sympathy with their own or with Christian service to their own, but would give to these, just as it had to him, not only the right training but the vision of service necessary.

He says: "I believe the native people of this country will make the best missionaries, when trained properly, because they understand all the wretchedness which belongs to heathen customs. . . . It would be the means of bringing here that which would lift up many, many more of the wretched ones of this country." Jacob knew of the boys from Jamaica who had been educated at the Southern Christian Institute and had returned to their own country as missionaries, and that there had not been the disastrous results from this such as many fear from foreign education. He knew, on the contrary, that some of the very best native workers on the

Island of Jamaica to-day are these very same boys sent here and trained at the Southern Christian Institute, and now working among their own in their own land.

When Jacob heard of the decision of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions in regard to this matter he wrote stating his reasons for wishing to send boys here to be trained, and then wrote in addition: "I was made very sad on learning that it is against the wishes of the Board to send boys from here to be trained in the United States for this work. In the case of the one boy I have somewhat obligated myself, and he has sacrificed a part of his studies so as to help with the work here. Should the people lose confidence in me it would not be good. You will note some of my reasons for wishing to send some of the boys to the Southern Christian Institute to be trained, but another reason for wanting them to go to the Southern Christian Institute is because I know it will meet the pressing needs of Africa by developing them in the threefold way, and I also think Mississippi is near the temperature of their African home. I will not tell him positively that he can not go until I hear from you again."

The Christian Woman's Board of Missions took this special case into consideration and, in view of the circumstances, so far departed from their policy as to allow the sending of two more

boys from Jacob's mission to the Southern Christian Institute, for at this time Jacob wrote also of a third boy who had won the interest of a sister in the far Western part of our land who hopes some day to bring him also to the Southern Christian Institute. We feel that such a decision was greatly to the credit of the Board, and that all who read this will be glad that this was so ruled.

Before the letter in which the policy of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions in this matter was stated reached Jacob he had written about the sending of the second boy, Peter Dunson by name.

He says: "I wish to have him enter school, if possible, at the beginning of the next term at the Southern Christian Institute. Therefore I would like to send him next April. I will be glad if I can borrow one hundred and thirty-eight dollars to be used for this purpose, and pay back twenty-five dollars each quarter until it is paid. Otherwise I could not meet the expense of the work here. I will be pleased if you will make these arrangements for me with the Board." Jacob's salary was seventy-five dollars a quarter, and this year he had sixty-four pupils and twenty-four boys who boarded at the school all the time, and yet so great was his desire that another boy be sent and trained, to return again to help redeem Africa,

he was willing to give all the passage money himself and have twenty-five dollars taken from each quarterly installment of seventy-five dollars until this was paid. Does our desire for the salvation of any land or people measure up with this?

But Jacob did not have to give the above, for L. E. West, of Rock Island, Illinois, and some others whom he interested in the matter sent to the writer one hundred and fifty dollars for the purpose of paying the passage of Peter Dunson to the Southern Christian Institute. It was sent about the middle of last May, but long before it reached Liberia, Jacob Kenoly had been called home to his eternal reward. However, Peter Dunson will come to the Southern Christian Institute.

We hope that when the time is ripe for it, the third boy selected by Jacob, whose name is Jerome Freeman, may also come to the Southern Christian Institute for training, that in fullness of time these may all return to help in carrying forward the work Jacob sacrificed so much to establish and to help in making his vision of a redeemed Liberia a reality.

CHAPTER IX

CLOSING DAYS AND DEATH

We have now come to a time in our narrative when Jacob Kenoly is nearing the close of his earthly labors, nearing the rest which remaineth for the people of God.

We ask ourselves what he has accomplished in Liberia? He has there, two miles from the little village of Schieffelin, two hundred acres of land, a grant from the Liberian Government, and on this, chiefly by his own labor, he has succeeded in erecting three small buildings. He has a farm in cultivation, and he has gathered about him a very meager equipment for his work of educating, training, and supporting over half a hundred boys and girls. He carries on here a day school and a Bible school, and has a Church and temperance society. These are the visible, the tangible results. But of the influence of his great life and character and of the truths he has implanted in living souls we can not thus clearly speak, for time and eternity alone can reveal what these shall accomplish.

The last of May, 1911, Dr. Royal J. Dye, missionary to Bolenge, Africa, on his way to the United States from his station, stopped at Monrovia, Liberia, for the purpose of studying Jacob Kenoly's mission. This visit of Dr. Dye's brought great joy to Jacob, and we can not be thankful enough, in the light of the following events, that it was made. Dr. Dye's account of this forms an interesting and wonderful story, verifying in every detail what Jacob had revealed through his letters to his friends here.

Dr. Dye tells us that Jacob received, while he was there, the word before mentioned which brought him great happiness; that the boy Peter Dunson was to be brought to the Southern Christian Institute; that the Christian Woman's Board of Missions was going to double his (Jacob's) salary and also allow him a primary teacher. Dr. Dye's visit, as Jacob said, came to cap the other good things.

How thankful we are that this good news reached him before it was too late. Here are quoted, just as he penned them, the last two letters which Jacob Kenoly ever wrote. The first, to the writer, was dated May 26, 1911, just two weeks before his death. It is written in Monrovia while Dr. Dye was with him, and in haste, that it might go with the next mail.

"Mr. C. C. Smith, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"DEAR BROTHER SMITH: I have just received your good letter of April 25th. I was especially pleased to have this good letter. It indeed makes me feel that some of God's people are helping greatly with this task of redeeming Africa.

"While I am writing this letter Brother Dye, of Bolenge, is in my presence. He is writing to his people at this moment. He has paid me a visit, and I feel very greatly helped by this visit. He is on his way to the homeland and came to my station about eight o'clock yesterday morning. All have been greatly strengthened by his lectures. Many things he has said the smallest boys will never forget, for he is full of good things. He has left some medicine for me and some for the boys. We would be glad if he could stay with us always. I am feeling quite well since Brother Dye has been with me, and his visit will be of untold value to the work here. I am just writing this in haste to get it ready for the mail, so you will please excuse the poor writing and mistakes this time. I wanted you to have a letter through this mail.

"Yours for Christ's cause,

"JACOB KENOLY."

The last letter he wrote was to Mr. Lehman, dated June 7th, and was left unfinished when he died. It is given here:

"DENHAM STATION, SCHIEFFELIN, LIBERIA,
"June 7, 1911.

"*Professor J. B. Lehman,*
"*Southern Christian Institute,*
"*Edwards, Mississippi.*

"DEAR BROTHER LEHMAN:

"I am pleased to have the pleasure of writing you again during this rainy but busy period.

"We are well excepting two native boys, but their health is improving some since last week, and this makes us feel happy. My health is also improved since my last writing.

"Dr. Dye, of Bolenge, spent about five days in Liberia, three of which were spent at the Liberian Christian Institute. His Sunday morning discourse was very impressive, and his unexpected visit was of inestimable value to the work. He made some pictures and administered some medicine. All the community has been favorably impressed by his coming, and all regretted very much to have him leave for Eureka.

"We now have fifty-one boarding pupils and are doing the best we can for them. They are making rapid progress in studies and we are doing fairly well with their discipline. To be sure, we need help with this, and I would be

glad if Patrick Moss and wife could come. I feel sure they are the proper persons and could do great good in this country.

"I would like to thank the good people again for the box which came to us from the Southern Christian Institute. It was indeed a blessing from heaven. We feel very thankful to every contributor in every way. 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.' And in this case they flow by way of Arkansas and Mississippi.

"The seine was quite short. However, we have caught some very nice fish. Everything was profitable to us in Africa.

"It is very sad to relate the death of Brother George Owen, who came to Liberia about sixteen years ago. He lived a consistent Christian life. On last Lord's day morning he told us good-bye and said his soul was prepared to rest with Jesus. Brother Owen was the first to join the Christian Church here. He leaves his widow in Africa, but his son, James, is in Mississippi.

"Our school" ——

The letter stopped here. The Mr. George Owen referred to in this letter attended the Southern Christian Institute in the early days, when there was but one building, and his son attended school there under Randall Faurot's administration. Jacob had stayed with this man

and wife part of the time while he was building his first building, and Dr. Dye gives a most touching picture of how, when Mr. Owen's health became very poor, Jacob built a little house for him and his wife and cared for him as a son would until he died.

There were now fifty-one pupils at the station. These were mostly the native boys, for whom he provided a home and food and raiment. Others came to the school from the surrounding settlements. He "made" a farm to help with the support of the pupils, and went fishing to help supply food for all. Then we have learned that he took care of Mr. Owen, and that probably at this time he was helping a sister in this country through school. His salary was three hundred dollars a year, seventy-five dollars a quarter, twenty-five dollars a month, or about fifty cents a month for each boy he was supporting. These fifty-one boys slept on mats in the upper part of the school building, and in the rainy season the nights were very chilly. When Dr. Dye was there and the word came that the Board had increased the amount he (Jacob) was to receive, he said, "I thank God, for now I can get some blankets for my boys." This expression seemed the more wonderful when we came to know that through all the years spent in that country Jacob had not had

Jacob Kenoly and his wife,
Ruth E. Kenoly.

for himself a rubber coat or any kind of special protection from the awful rains.

Can we not see with the eye of our mind this family at meals in the little dining-room—the half a hundred and more boys and girls, and Jacob and his wife and the assistant teacher, Mrs. Lewis, and her husband? Jacob said: "I do the best I can to have my boys eat in a civilized manner. We have but few dishes, but I have them sit up to tables and eat from plates." With the schools and Church and farm and the swarm of dependent, unruly children, can we not imagine his accumulated cares?

Whenever it was possible they went fishing, to help supply food for those in the mission, and he spoke often of what a help it was when they could obtain fish. Most of their fishing was done in a sound or lake or lagoon, all of which terms Jacob, at different times, used for it. These lagoons are formed when the floods of the rainy season fill a depression in the earth around which the sand had been washed. The lagoon in which Jacob fished near his school was about eight miles long. It had become so filled by the sand at its mouth that its waters could not flow out to the ocean, and so this "mouth" must needs be opened. On the morning of June 9, 1911, Jacob with seven others went out in the old log "dugout" to perform this task

and also to fish. When they had completed the opening of the lake they were on the farther side from the mission and undertook to cross back, but the waves were too strong for them to stem and carried them out to the ocean and capsized the boat. With Jacob were Mr. Lewis and two other men and four boys from the mission. Jacob Kenoly and the three men and one of the boys were drowned. Three of the boys swam to shore. One of these is the Peter Dunson who is to come to the Southern Christian Institute.

The body of Jacob Kenoly was found two days later and buried on the beach near to where it was found. Later he was buried near the mission station.

The news of his death reached the United States while the National Convention was in session at Portland, Oregon. When Dr. Dye heard it he wrote as follows:

"Eureka, Ill., July 20, 1911.

"Dear Brother Smith:

"I can not tell you the shock I felt upon arriving home and learning of the death of our dear 'Jacob' only a week after my departure. Truly this is hard to understand, but we know that it must have some meaning and purpose in the Father's plan.

"We had such a good visit. Jacob had asked my advice on everything. We had planned together large things for the future of the work there. He had told me all his ideas and desires. The people had felt so encouraged by my visit.

"Then the letters from the Board increasing his salary and allowing his assistant teacher's salary, coming, as he said, to cap the climax of my visit, gave him new hope and resolve to do a work worthy of your support to the very utmost. He was a brave, noble, self-sacrificing, consecrated man, serving his Master to the limit of his ability.

"His fishing was but an attempt to provide food for his boys without spending any more money than was necessary. I was going to recommend a steel launch for him, such as we have in Bolenge. It is sea-worthy and has air-chambers like a lifeboat, while he was risking and lost his life in the little dugout log canoe.

"Surely God means this as a call to the Church. His heroic life and death should call the very best we have into that service.

"With the sincere expression of my most heartfelt sympathy with you in this personal loss of your son in the gospel (whom I loved as a brother and fellow-worker), I am as ever,

"Yours very sincerely in His glad service for Africa, ROYAL J. DYE, M. D."

Mention has before been made of one Henry Lewis, who was a native of the West Indies and who, after leading a roving life for a good many years, had come to Liberia, near to Schieffelin and settled there to sell liquor. This man was in some way, we know not by just what means, reached by Jacob and converted. At his conversion he gave up his liquor business and thereafter led a godly life and was of great help to Jacob in all his work. This man's wife, a native girl of Schieffelin, united with the Church when he did, and she was the one Jacob chose to assist in the mission school as primary teacher.

At the time when Jacob Kenoly and this man lost their lives there was with Jacob's unfinished letter to J. B. Lehman one written by him, which Jacob, no doubt, intended to send with his letter. This letter is now quoted, because it gives an account of what Jacob had done for one man in the words of the man himself:

"SCHIEFFELIN, LIBERIA, AFRICA.

"DEAR BROTHER LEHMAN:

"It has been a long time since you have heard from me. Nevertheless I have been thinking of you and all the good folks over there.

"Since I have found the true light and have taken the yoke of Christ on me I find it is very easy, and nothing gives me more joy than when I am doing some duty for the Lord. And now

that I have put off the old man and put on the new, I want to live and work and die fighting for the Master to spread His light abroad. I came to this place to make strong drinks to destroy the souls and bodies of men and women. But, like Paul on his way to Damascus to persecute the Christians, the Lord caused the light to shine down into the bottom of my heart and called to me. I have obeyed the call and was baptized in the name of the Lord. And to-day, praise the Lord! I am in His service trying to gain souls into the Kingdom of God, for His harvest is ripe in Africa, but genuine laborers are few.

"Dr. Royal Dye on his way home from West Africa visited us. We were glad to see him. He lectured for us Thursday and Sunday. He did lots of walking and canoeing in visiting our surroundings.

"We are all through planting the farms, and this is now the rainy season. The lake is full, and we are going to break it this week, so we can fish with the small net Brother Kenoly brought.

"I will be glad when Brother Kenoly goes home on a furlough, for he has been working hard, and a few months' rest will do him a great deal of good. All the same I hope the good folks will not keep him in America too long, for Africa needs men like him and Dr. Dye,

and plenty of them. For missionary work in Africa it does not need one just out of college with a head full of education only, but it takes genuine, all-around men and women who have been truly converted and have made up their minds to live for God and to die for God. I bring my letter to a close for this time. Love be with you all. I remain

"Yours in Christ's service,

"HENRY LEWIS."

With the foregoing letter came this little note from this man's wife, she who was the assistant teacher in Jacob's school:

"DEAR BROTHER LEHMAN:

"You will find enclosed in my envelope a letter that my husband had written the same day that I wrote my other letter. Both of us were trying to get our letters ready for Brother Kenoly to carry to-morrow, as he was expecting to leave for Monrovia on the tenth. But it is too sad to tell that Brother Kenoly and my husband both were in eternity before this time, and three other souls besides. They left home early on the morning of the ninth to let the lake out into the sea, as it had filled up so they could not do any fishing with the net. They succeeded in getting the lake open and were coming home; but when crossing from one side of the channel

to the other the water was very swift and the swells carried the canoe out to sea and capsized it. There were eight in all that were in the canoe, and five of these were drowned and three were saved. The whole school mourns the death of our teacher.

"Please excuse all mistakes, for I have no mind to write at present.

"Yours in Christ Jesus,

"REBECCA H. LEWIS."

In his letters Jacob spoke of having visited several times at the home and mission of one Shadrach N. Williams, a native of the country, a man of intelligence and education, who had an independent mission at Evergreen, on the Farmington River. At several times during his residence in Schieffelin Jacob had gone to his home and spent there short seasons of rest and refreshing.

After the death of Jacob he wrote the following letter to Dr. Dye:

"EVERGREEN, FARMINGTON RIVER,
"LIBERIA, W. C. A., Aug. 16, 1911.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR DYE:

"This is my third letter to you, as a diversion of my mind from its solitary subject of thought. Jacob Kenoly was indeed my best friend. I liked him for his Christian piety and the work

so dear to his heart, which is according to my own idea of Christianity. We were as often together as circumstances would allow, and had frequent correspondence. Now that he is no more, it is natural for my mind to revert to the individual who was with him when I last saw him; that individual was your good self, who alone I think of in connection with his work. I am indeed very glad that Providence sent you to inspect the work, as you better know what is the mission's property and what is not. There may be some omissions in the inventory, for which I am not accountable, as I could only put down what was presented as mission property.

"Kindly make our best compliments acceptable to yourself and family, if you please.

"Yours very sincerely,

"SHAD. N. WILLIAMS."

The hope of our mission in Liberia, Africa, rests (until the Christian Woman's Board of Missions can find some one to go there from the United States) with Ruth E. Kenoly, Jacob's wife. As we read her beautiful letters that hope is strengthened, for we feel that she has caught much of the spirit of her husband, who was for several years her teacher before they were married.

Her letters written since his death, as she

was bowed down with a great sorrow and many responsibilities, are remarkable. We now quote from those written to Mrs. Ross:

"Liberian Christian Institute,
"Denham Station.

"Mrs. Ross, Eureka, Illinois.

"My Dear Mother in Christ:

"I am proud to be blessed with the privilege of writing you, and to know that you partly trained Jacob Kenoly, who came to Liberia in 1905 and began giving his services for the uplifting of his heathen brothers and sisters. I attended his school as primary student and I continued to improve and try to prepare myself for future usefulness, and I worked that I might be useful in the vineyard of the Lord.

"After five years I was married to Jacob Kenoly, and his work became my work; and oh, my dear mother, he was equipped for the work he loved so well! He would say to me, 'Ruth, I love my work so well I could give my life for it.' And, Mother, so he did. He was drowned on the ninth of June.

"He had fifty-one boarding students, and fish were not plentiful; so a crowd of them went out to try the new seine in the lake about eight miles toward its opening into the sea. The lake was opened, and the canoe was upset by the force of the waves, and five persons were swept to

sea that day, and he was found on the eleventh on the seashore.

"Oh, Mother, I have lost a dear husband and a guide to my way, for he has trained me for six years to prepare for this very day, that I may be able to carry on the work!

"Dear Mother, I owe great debt to your Jacob for the care and patience he has taken with me in preparing me for life's great work. I shall love his dust in the grave.

"I am your bereaved daughter. I ask an interest in your prayers.

"RUTH E. KENOLY."

"August 15, 1911.

"*Mrs. A. T. Ross,*

"*Eureka, Illinois.*

"MY DEAR MOTHER IN CHRIST:

"Your good letter of sympathy was received about an hour ago.

"I was proud indeed and thanked the Lord for having raised up my dear Jacob with the spirit he possessed to come to Africa to work for his people. By his coming here I am able to try, through the power of God, to stand near his post in the great battlefield and hold the banner that he raised up in dark Africa, which is the flag of Christ. It is a grand work. I am sure I will have to meet with many hard problems, but with your prayers and my prayers I

will overcome them. I know the prayer of the grand convention was answered in behalf of this work, for I feel stronger every day when I am on my way to Ross Building to teach the boys and girls and explain to them the great goodness of God and how He came and suffered and died and rose from the dead and is now making intercession for us. Mother, I use the first verse of the One Hundred and Twentieth Psalm as a breast-plate, for the Lord has heard me. . . .

"I am glad to know that Jacob never quit the battlefield, but died fighting for a country that was seen through the faith that is found in Jesus Christ our Lord. May all of the Christians give us their prayers that we may do our duty here as faithful servants! I would to God I might also be so blessed as to drop my cross for a crown! But, oh, that I may also have gathered sheaves for the Kingdom when that time comes!

"I am your daughter,

"MRS. JACOB KENOLY."

To the Christian Woman's Board of Missions Mrs. Kenoly wrote as follows:

"We are indeed a flock without a shepherd, but we are doing our best in trying to carry on this work. I am appealing to you, O Christians, and praying to God that He may touch the heart of some good follower to come and help us to hold the light of the gospel up where

it will shine in many dark places in Africa, that the heathen may come and be saved.

"One of our brothers died the first Sunday in June, and Jacob, in preaching Sunday, said, 'I may be the next; who can tell?' Thursday he preached again in our prayer-meeting. He and I led the meeting that evening, and he sang this little song,—

> 'I gave my life for thee;
> What hast thou given for Me?'

And every person in the meeting was in tears; and on Friday he had gone home to be with the Master whom he served. He surely gave his life for his people in Africa. His sympathy for them was greater than one could tell. His time was used for the uplift of his people in getting them to see their mistakes. His prayers were always very sympathetic in behalf of the unfortunate ones. His life was example enough if he had not taught the Bible, and his life being parallel with the Bible made his teaching sweet to us. He practiced what he taught.

"I am told by the boys that when the canoe was upset and carried to sea he clung to it, and he was brought near the beach, and they said to him, 'Hold on;' but he said, 'No; I must let it go now; I am weak; I have n't any more strength; I am going,' and he sank beneath the waves, to take up his abode with the Lord.

View of the lagoon (near the Schieffelin Mission Station), at the mouth of which Jacob Kenoly met death. The School Building is seen in the distance.

"Dear sisters, make me and the work here a subject of your prayers. Our schools, Sunday and day schools, are going along nicely; only our Lord's day preaching is vacant; but as far as we can reach in this work it is being kept up regularly. I am doing as much as I can in trying to keep these people together. I am very lonesome out here now.

"RUTH E. KENOLY."

September 25, 1911, Ruth Kenoly wrote: "May God speed the day when other workers will be sent here to assist in spreading the news of salvation in our heathen land! I am doing the best I can in carrying on the work in the schoolroom and around on the campus. I now have about thirty students attending, and seventeen of them are boarding."

Other letters are in the writer's possession from the leading men of the Schieffelin district, and these are most interesting and instructive, for they form a beautiful tribute to the esteem and love in which Jacob was held by all, and they also show how he had impressed his spirit upon others. His pupils all adored him, fairly worshiping, it is said, the ground he trod upon, and all who came in contact with him seem to have partaken of his spirit. How like his in spirit are the letters of Ruth Kenoly and of the man, Henry Lewis! So it is with all the let-

ters coming from those who had learned of him. The teachers of the Southern Christian Institute say that James Rundles is the most like Jacob of any boy ever attending that school.

I shall not philosophize about the workings of Providence in that this life was ended so soon, excepting to say that the only way I can see the hand of God in it is that He has transferred the trust laid upon one to us all. The last words written by Jacob Kenoly were, "Our school." Is not responsibility laid upon us to see that this work brought forth by the suffering and sacrifice and final surrender of this life shall not be allowed to die?

CHAPTER X

CHARACTERISTICS OF JACOB KENOLY

The character of an individual is the sum of his characteristics. If a person can be said to be great, he must possess great characteristics. In our opinion the subject of this sketch stood on a level with, if not above, any in his age in the degree in which his soul was filled with Christlike qualities and his life filled with Christ-like deeds, and hence that he was great in the highest sense of that term. Let us then prove this affirmation by mentioning what we know to have been some of his characteristics. It is difficult to give a perfect word-picture of a character. Words sometimes refuse to tell a perfect story of the endeavors and struggles of a truly great soul. Yet, if we can in these lines convey, though imperfectly, our conception of the character of this Christ-filled man, we will be satisfied.

Great was his sense of obligation. An expression of his was, "I owe all to Christ, and I can only pay that debt by doing good to my fellow-

men.'' When he said he owed, he meant it. No obligation could be more binding. It was just as real to him as a note in bank. He reasoned, ''All I can bring by way of payment and place at the feet which were pierced for me is my reasonable service in view of what He did for me.'' He also reasoned, ''I can best pay my debt by carrying the news of salvation to my own race who know it not.'' The millions of lost in Africa appealed to him for salvation. Even the cannibal in his ignorance and superstition called loudly to him. All in darkness said to him, ''Give us light!'' ''I owe a debt to God for my Christ. I must pay that debt by giving Christ to my people.''

The amount of toil he gave and the suffering he willingly—yea, joyfully—endured showed his conception of the greatness of obligation. I owe all, and hence I must give all; not simply the tenth, but all. If the Christian world could get that conception of obligation it would carry the message of salvation to every soul on the face of the whole earth in a single generation.

Then he was singular in the degree in which he conceived of that obligation as personal. ''I owe all to my Redeemer.'' He did not say, ''I ought to be a lightbearer if some one sends me, but I owe my light to all in darkness.'' He said, ''I ought to go and tell the millions who know it not that Christ died for them,'' and

he simply went. He did not say, "I will help to send some one else to go." He did not ask any aid in his far-reaching enterprise, not even confiding in his most trusted friends his great purpose. He trod the winepress alone. He was laboring for the lost in Africa before any one in the United States knew of his going. It was, "As much as in me is I will carry the message of love to the unlovely and of healing to the sin-sick." When in Africa laboring for the benighted ones there, he did not in any way intimate to his friends that any were under obligation to aid his enterprise. He was but fulfilling his own sense of obligation to his Redeemer. When any aid came he received it with surprise and as an evidence that God was pleased and had heard his prayer for the salvation of those for whom he was working.

To an unusual degree he had personal companionship with God. It was told by one of his schoolmates that at school he loved solitude and was often found on the banks of the Big Black River alone. He was walking with God, and not alone. He was laying plans with his Father for future work. When alone in the jungle and sick for weeks at a time, and when only one wild boy ministered to him in his hut on the mountain side, he wrote to his friend that he "felt his Savior standing very near."

When his way seemed blocked by unsurmount-

able walls of difficulty, he simply thought, "I was mistaken. God did not wish me to do this." When the sunshine of success came to his path he reasoned that the Father was pleased. When he returned thanks for any aid rendered to him in his work he always included God in his gratitude. "I thank my Heavenly Father and you." In cloud and sunshine God was his constant companion. He said often, "If I do what I can I know my Father will open the way." If it had not been for this constant companionship he would surely have died in the jungle from loneliness.

His companionship with God led to great faith in prayer. He never closed a letter without a request for prayers. This was no formality. He not only asked God for the things he most needed in his work, but expected an answer; and when the answer came he received it as a gift of God. When success came from his efforts and light streamed on his path, he would write to his trusted friends, "I know you have been praying for me." He wished to adopt as his motto, "In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and He heard me." When without equipment for his school, he prayed for a blackboard; and when the money came he thanked the Father as he would have thanked an earthly friend. The infinite was let down to earth for him. When disaster came to others, he led his school

in the dark basement in a cry for mercy for them to the God of heaven. Every day he asked God to bless the teachers and all who had helped him in his work. When he was almost barefooted and in rags, and seven dollars came with the request that he use it to supply his personal needs, he wrote, "I know God told you of my needs." No matter what may be a soul's environment, it is safe if it makes God a constant confidant. Disaster can not sweep away the one who keeps hold of the hand of God.

His love of truth! He not only spoke the truth but lived the truth. All who knew him intimately speak of his absolute truthfulness. When one of his letters came telling of his work, though it was told in a most modest way, some one deeming such things impossible said, "He must be lying!" Mrs. Ross, who knew him so well, exclaimed: "Jacob lie! He do n't know how." We have studied his letters written to different individuals about his work and giving his estimate of people and conditions, and while different people called out a somewhat different line of thought from him, yet there is a beautiful harmony in them all. After making careful inquiry of Dr. Dye and from others who knew of conditions near him, we are convinced not only that he told the truth about all the things concerning which he wrote, but that, if anything, all his difficulties were minimized. In place of

exaggerating he always stated things under rather than over the full truth when he told of his own struggles or of his own successes, and this was as he saw it because of his humility and modesty. After a conference with Dr. Dye, who had studied his mission, we now have a much fuller appreciation of the difficulties surrounding him than we did before. All his statements are borne out by the facts. He was more than truthful. He was true.

He was singularly grateful to all who had in any way aided him in his struggles upward. Jacob Kenoly's gratitude was not only great, but beautifully expressed. It was always a delight to do for him because his appreciation was so unbounded and so hearty and as natural as that of a child. His expression of gratitude coming for the first gift to relieve his necessities after he went to Africa was not only unique, but very beautiful, coupling as he did in his thanksgiving not only the giver, but God who inspired the gift. All who had in any way aided him in his struggle upward, his teachers and friends, had at all times a large place in his grateful remembrance. Amid times of great suffering and discouragement he poured out in all his letters thanksgiving not only for what friends had done for him, but had been to him. One of his letters to Mrs. Ross, telling her what she had been to him in the way of inspiration, is most touching.

He always called her "Mother," as that term was the one which came the nearest to expressing his sense of obligation to her. His letters to J. B. Lehman abounded in touching acknowledgment for what he had been to him. He often spoke of what God was doing in Africa through the friends in the homeland which He had raised up. To the Executive Committee of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions he wrote, "I feel that the Christian Woman's Board of Missions is the hand of God here in Africa, in India, in America, and in the islands of the sea, and is bringing sheaves for His Kingdom." He was so grateful for the things he did receive that he never murmured about the things he did not receive. His little was glorified by his appreciation until it became much. His gratitude became a fountain refreshing to himself and a holy tie binding his friends to his cause.

A special characteristic was his humility. With a purpose as high as an apostle, he was still meek and lowly in heart. This was no assumed or sentimental humility. There was always the dignity born of a noble purpose in all he did or said. Yet there is not a line in all he wrote which would indicate that he thought he was doing anything out of the ordinary in going to Africa alone to try to redeem the land from sin and win it for Christ. It was with him as a matter of course. "I am a child of God"

and "I must be about my Father's business. I am redeemed by Christ, I must carry that redemption to others. Necessity is laid upon me. I can best take the message to my own race. Of course I must go with the 'Good News' to my people who have never heard it." Then, with but little exaltation of his own deeds, he was quick to appreciate greatness and goodness in others. We have to read between the lines, as it were, to discover his own noble deeds and achievements, but he would exalt others, not forgetting to mention the least thing another did. Then nothing of his own desire was to be considered for a moment if it stood in the way of taking Christ to the lost. It was difficult to get him to speak of his own personal needs because he was always so full of the needs of those about him whom he had gone to help. Yes, he had that which is perhaps rare, a mighty purpose coupled with a lowly heart. Humility may be born of weakness, a mere negation, but Jacob's was of strength. And because he was meek and lowly in heart and went to redeem the lowliest, he stands with the noble of earth.

Another characteristic was his practical common sense. With a passion for souls which in this age would be called almost fanatical, yet all his actions were controlled by sound common sense. He harnessed an unbounded zeal to wisdom. One would have said it was a wild project

to go as he went to take Christ to Africa. Yet, who would have managed the whole affair more wisely than did he, for the accomplishment of his purpose? He was wise in his employment of methods to reach the land he wished to bless. Then he was wise when he first reached Africa. He was wise in his movements at Schieffelin. While he was wise enough to seek wisdom from others, yet when once his best judgment dictated a course he could not be moved from it by the caprice of others. Who can read his reasons for selecting his permanent school site and for all his building enterprises and for all his movements amid great difficulties and not be impressed with the unique wisdom of the man? Who among us could have adapted acts more perfectly to conditions? Indeed, what unwise step did he take, though he walked continually in the midst of great dangers and difficulties? His purpose was not simply to do a little good among a few, but to redeem Liberia, and he proceeded in the very sanest way to accomplish his purpose. He was a man of visions, but he was not visionary. He was wise in beginning his work, wise in its development, and wise in his dealings with men; but above all he was full of the wisdom which "cometh from above," for he continually sought it from God. Things were revealed to him not revealed to the "wise and prudent." By the unconscious power of his

great life he won all—won the confidence of the Liberian government officials and the confidence and love of the Americo-Liberians as well as of the wild natives and (most difficult, perhaps) the confidence of us in the homeland.

Another element was that of hope. On all his dark way in a dark land amid sin and dangers and suffering, his hope shone on his path as bright as the promises of God. In the darkest hour he saw the light of a better day. By his hope he walked in a glory-filled future, though he dwelt in a darkened present, and this hope was an anchor to his soul, for it reached within the veil. One sentence written in a letter by his wife since his death is of peculiar significance. She says, "I am glad to know Jacob never quit the battlefield, but died fighting for a country seen through faith that was founded in Jesus Christ our Lord." This is just as it was—a country seen through faith and hope in God.

In times which would have been to most of us most discouraging he saw hope for a redeemed land. He saw others from America, who were under like obligations with himself, coming to his aid. He saw the boys inspired with his purpose and trained at his beloved Southern Christian Institute bringing back their light to darkened Africa. He saw great buildings meeting the needs of a great school in which lightbearers could be trained to go into the darkest paths in

the jungle. He saw a great training-school along industrial lines lifting the land out of heathenism and bondage to its terrible practices. He combined in his hope redemption present and future; combined things material and things spiritual for his adopted country; a new Africa wherein did dwell righteousness. And will it not be a shame to us, who have been led to new visions of service by him, if his hopes are not fulfilled?

Another characteristic was that he made everything in his life tend to one great purpose. His work for Christ was first in all his plans and thoughts. Everything in his life was molded by this purpose. "This one thing I do." He considered everything in relation to its effect on his mission to the lost. Did he receive money unless specially stipulated otherwise, it could not be used for self. All—all must aid his beloved work! He said to his wife, "I so love my work, I would gladly die for it." "Yes, I need James Rundles and Peter Dunson to aid me in this hard present; but how about the future? They must receive the best training possible to fit them as missionaries for their native land, no matter what it costs me."

The thing perhaps most wonderful in this black man's life was his marvelous consistency. Have not all of us our mountain-tops and our valleys? If judged by our best moments we

stand high with God and man. If judged by our worst, we cry to man for charity and to God for mercy. Jacob's life was great in its uniformity. He always walked seemingly on the mountain-top with God. He had lofty aspirations, and the trend of his whole life was true to his highest ideals. All who knew him personally would agree that every act in his religious life was in harmony with his purpose to uplift humanity. After careful study of many of his letters, written to different persons, not one passage is found in them which seems untrue to the highest purpose which ever filled the soul of man or a line untrue, amid all his struggles and difficulties, to the spirit of the Master. Surely this life is a marvel of consistency. Living under pressure of work which would have dismayed the strongest, amid sufferings which would have weakened most, through discouragements which would have disheartened even the most steadfast, in a loneliness which would have made heartsick the most loyal to Christ, under burdens which would have crushed any whose strength was not in God, amid dangers which would have daunted the bravest, yet not one sentence did he pen unworthy of a messenger of Christ to the lost. Studying him in his school-life; in his work among the ignorant of the Ozark Mountains; in his sacrifice to lay by in store for his dream for Africa; in his

journey to a far-off land bearing the torch of truth; in his destitute and helpless state as he landed, a ragged stranger in a strange land; in his year of sufferings in the jungle-life, sick and surrounded with naked natives and wild beasts; in his teaching in the dark basement; in his struggle to build a house for himself so he could better serve the needy; in his toil amid awful heat to erect a schoolhouse so he could make a home for native children; in his gathering together and supporting half a hundred of these who were worse than orphans, seeking to provide for them and teach them and send them to be trained to bring light to their own; in his long journeys to and from Monrovia to bring supplies to his mission; in his struggle all alone to redeem Africa,—yet during it all, as far as can be learned, he did not pen one sentence or perform one act unworthy of the spirit of the Master. Does not this black man, in the great characteristics of Christ, lead us all? Who of us, measured by his conception of indebtedness to Christ, by his lofty purpose to pay the debt, by his unselfish method in making payment, by his wisdom in carrying forward his mighty undertakings, by his joyful heroism in bearing suffering, by his faithful toil for others, though sick in body, by his faith in prayer and effort, by his hope which saw success through the darkest cloud, by his lasting friendship for any who

had aided him in his undertakings, by his love for the unlovely, even the naked savage, and by his meek and lowly heart, by his faith which clung to the hand of God in the darkest hour—has as much of the Christ spirit as he? Yes, by the extent in which in his life he did reincarnate the spirit of the Master, Jacob Kenoly, thou black man, thou dost surely lead most of us.

If the character of Jacob Kenoly had sprung from one who had generations of culture and spirituality back of it, it would have been a wonder; but coming as it did from a child race and from one whose parents were slaves, it is a marvel in our missionary annals.

What is the relation of this life to all missionary work? It certainly *does not* teach that there is no need of organization in order to evangelize the world. There are at present few Jacob Kenolys. Then, while he went as an independent missionary, his work was made vastly more effective by the aid of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions. All our missionary boards are needed as the most effective method of sending the good news to all lands. His life illustrates that the lowliest of earth can do with God great things if a mighty purpose inspires the life. Yet the greatest value, perhaps, to those who seek to send the light to all dark lands is the nature of the call from God which filled his life with its mighty purpose. The call

came not to him mysteriously. Let him tell it in his own words. He had with almost incredible toil climbed upon the mount from where he could see the world in a measure as Christ sees it, and he said: "It had always been my desire to relieve suffering humanity, and the happiest hours I have ever had were when I made some sacrifice for this cause; even before I was converted I felt that God intended to use me somewhere in this earth for this purpose of lifting up the fallen.

"I was converted at the age of nineteen, but found no comfort in living for myself. Through God's guiding influence I was led to the Southern Christian Institute, where I began to realize what following Christ meant. It was there I got a vision of duty. I learned of the suffering creatures of Africa, India, and China. Through some means I became greatly impressed with Africa and began to read everything concerning this country I could find. 'As you have received, freely give,' came to me. Then I began to feel that I owed my time to Africa, and was continually impressed with the fact that God intended me to be in that field. I felt that I could face the cannibals, the wild beasts, and whatever climatic conditions I found there. The above message appealed to my inmost soul.

"Then I decided that nothing but death could prevent me from reaching the shores of Africa."

If this vision of the world's need could be seen by all, and the call to relieve it be heard and obeyed by each Christian, the glory of the Lord would soon fill the whole earth. If his conception of stewardship could come to the Church of the Redeemer, all our missionary treasuries would soon be full. Who of us is not rebuked by such a life? Who can carefully study it and not be quickened in spiritual life which manifests itself in serving others? The light which he lit in an obscure hamlet in a dark land will never go out, but it will "shine more and more until the perfect day."

Then tell this story everywhere. Tell it to the ungodly, it will give a new meaning to conversion; tell it in all churches, and it will give a new conception of spirituality; tell it to all Mission Boards, it will give an added sympathy for those who struggle with problems in heathen lands. Let all missionaries of the Cross hear it, and it will show anew the exceeding glory of suffering for Christ. Interpret it to the heathen world, and it will proclaim the coming of the Lord.

May we then repeat that this was one of the great characters of the world—"a life hid with Christ in God."

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